

**The Prettiest Anchormen On Television**

**(MORE)**

**Nat Hentoff On  
Headline Chasers**

**Mobil vs. The Media**

**Why White Women  
Die On Page One**

# NEWS BIZ GOES SHOW BIZ

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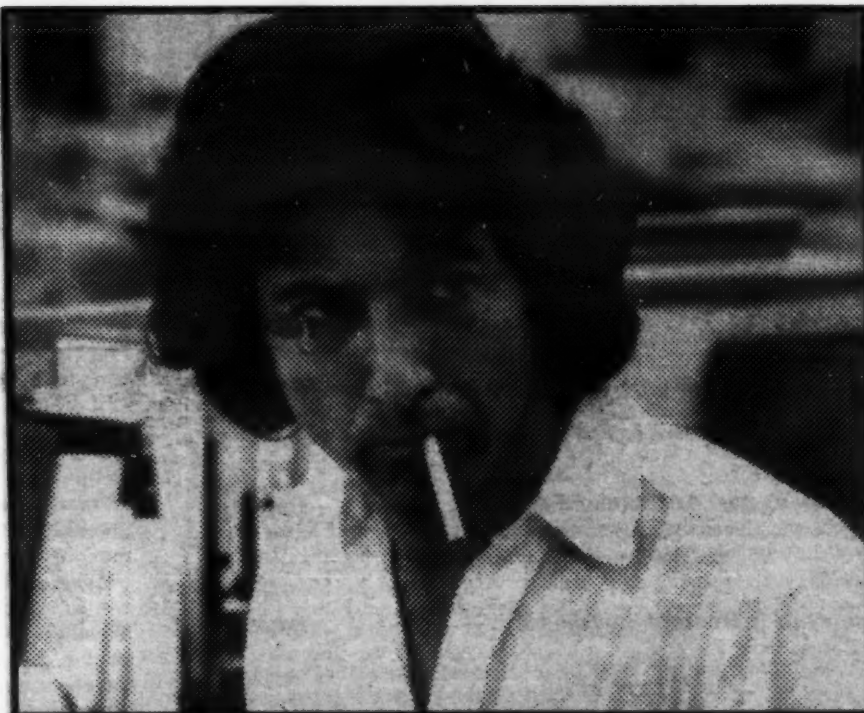
**JANE HOWARD**

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*Review*

**ALL THE  
PRESIDENT'S  
MEN**



APRIL 1976

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Propaganda loves confusion. And as even the most casual newspaper and magazine reader knows, Mobil has moved with both skill and efficiency to exploit the tangled web of "fact" in which the energy debate is caught.

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Even the most seasoned newsman needs the right kind of looks if he aspires to the anchorman slot. Which one is the most adorable? You be the judge.

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Libertarian Hentoff, in response to last month's column by John L. Hess, suggests that journalists care far too little about their subjects' civil rights.

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**LETTERS****Spinach**

Although I am not astonished that Jonathan C. Randal is still peddling his cold war vegetables, albeit wilted by 20 years in the anti-Soviet marketplace, I am astonished that [MORE] should be a party to his scattershot and undocumented hawking of his wares in his article on *Le Monde* ["I Think, Therefore I Am"—March 1976].

He suggests, as just one example, that *Le Monde* is helping "to bring about a pro-Soviet Finlandization of Europe." For this remarkable assertion, there is not, in Randal's article, a single supporting quotation from *Le Monde* or a single attributable (by name) supportive quotation.

One other example is Randal's dictum: "Although *Le Monde* strongly favors pluralistic societies, the message seeping out of its pages is that popular front governments are the wave of the future and that the Communists and the working class cannot be excluded from power forever. *Le Monde's* job is to help prepare the way for the Left to come to power. . . ."

Again, there is not one single quote from the paper to back up that statement, nor a single attributed quote (by name) to support it.

What kind of reporting is this? More to the point, how does [MORE] defend its image of responsibility in printing one man's creed, or should I more properly say one man's hawking of his prejudices?

—Alden Whitman  
Southampton, N.Y.

**Bad Effect**

Jimmy Carter must possess some quality of his own especially irritating to liberal journalism, and I suspect that it may be a truly original political intelligence which most rankles us. We are too breathless in writing about him. Whether knight or villain or simply nimble politician, he is unplaceable, too clever and swift by far for us to tag him with a label.

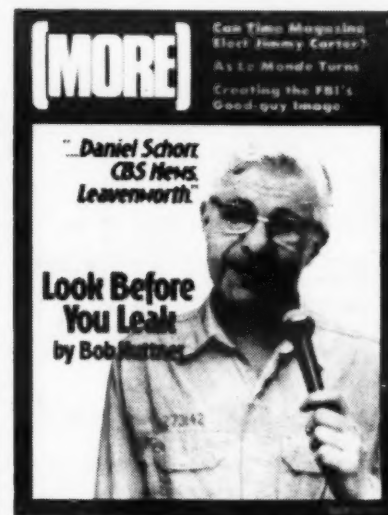
Thus, the maverick ex-Governor is feted to more than his fair share of so-called "service" pieces on the one hand, while on the other he and the stories themselves are subjected to scabrous and over-anxious examination. Blake Fleetwood's coverage of the resulting media "story" created by it all ["The Resurrection of JFK"—March 1976] adds very little to what we already know. Indeed, as it hurries to accuse *Time* and the others of favoritism, it raises questions as to its own veracity.

Some of the quotes, both direct and indirect, strike my ear as made up or distorted. One of them manages to be direct, indirect, and (for all we know) made up at the same time: "[Cloud's ending] said *something to the effect that* 'If there are any candidates to the right of George McGovern and Brill profiles them, it will certainly be a hatchet job.'" (Italics mine.)

*Something to the effect that.* By its own admission we expect the sentence which follows to be loose paraphrase, yet we are served up a strong accusation in direct quotes. I cannot help but be

suspicious of the many other loose-sounding words the reporter glibly puts into other people's mouths.

—Christopher Williams  
New York, N.Y.

**Sniff**

I think the implication of your March cover ("... Daniel Schorr, CBS News, Leavenworth") stinks.

—Tedd A. Cohen  
New York, N.Y.

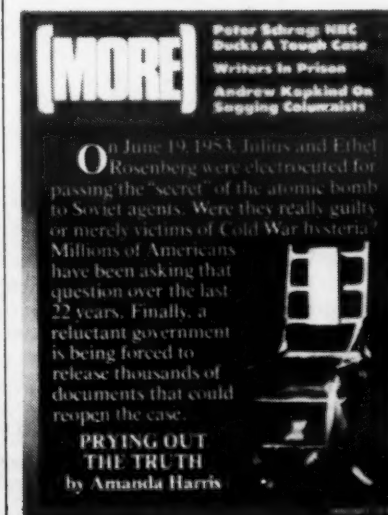
**'Bait-and-Switch'**

This is a delayed protest against what I regard as a shabby commercial practice in a publication—[MORE]—whose claimed objective is to elevate the standards of journalism.

Early in the year, I was attracted to an issue which, in large type and, as I recall, with an illustration of an electric chair, promised an article on "the Rosenberg case" ["Prying Out The Truth"—January 1976]. It had already been thoroughly reported in the press that thousands of FBI documents had been turned over to the two sons, and I naturally assumed, as you no doubt intended the reader to assume, that you were offering a substantive article about what those documents disclosed.

Instead, it was a superficial piece that mentioned the Rosenberg case only as a lead-in for some comments on the right-to-know law.

In these days of heightened awareness of consumer rights, I am sure you



share the general displeasure with "bait-and-switch" advertising, with sales announcements of products that somehow are already sold out a minute after the doors are opened, and with the display on theatre marquees of illustrations that have nothing to do with what goes on inside. Are blatant front-page announcements of the kind I object to so much different?

Indeed, is it not even more deplorable when misrepresentation is found in a publication that scolds others for that fault?

—Morris Stone  
Bronx, N.Y.

**Editor's reply:** No misrepresentation was intended. The last sentence of the copy on the cover in question stressed that "finally, a reluctant government is being forced to release thousands of documents that could reopen the case." That process, and the role of the Freedom of Information Act in general, was what we set out to focus on. We pegged the article to the Rosenberg case because it was in the news and dramatically illustrates how valuable the FOI Act can be.

### 'Missed Opportunity'

For those who profess to be titillated by the possible failings of men and women of accomplishment to live up to their reputations, David Rubin's "Who's Afraid of the NNC?" [March — 1976] probably made good reading. For anyone seriously interested in the real reason why the National News Council has had problems in its formative years and what it might have accomplished in that time, the article shed little more light than one might expect from a candle burning brightly at high noon. It was a gloriously missed opportunity, in fact, for an editor of your publication to make merry with some of the journalistic establishment you are otherwise so fond of dissecting.

What was missing from the piece was an examination (not just a mention) of the fact that the council has been virtually ignored from its outset by the very news organizations it was established to examine. And this failure to report on its activities in any substantive way was a part of editorial decisions made before the council had ever had a chance to meet and issue a single finding of its own. So, with its deliberately built-in lack of sanction or ability to do any more than report its decisions, the council found itself from the start in the position of a forum whose audience was a jury sequestered in perpetuity. Led by *The New York Times*, whose editors sniffed in the council the stuff of which future governmental conspiracies are made, many news organizations, large and small, electronic and print, gave the council shorter shrift than the Punxsutawney, Pa., groundhog (which is at least assured of some kind of shrift once a year).

When an independent evaluation committee made up of distinguished citizens recommended that the council be continued and its area of purview and membership expanded, that recommendation received four paragraphs in only one New York paper (the *Times*) in only one edition (City), although no urgent late-breaking story replaced it in the *Late City*. While Professor Rubin's piece repeated the

(continued on page 28)

# ROSEBUDS

## The 'Disaster Man' Branches Out

**R**OSEBUDS to Tom Pettit of NBC News, who has brought the rare commodities of wit, sensitivity, tenacity and high intelligence to network reporting. A 22-year veteran of broadcast journalism, Pettit has long been a valued hand in NBC's field gang. But, of late, he has welded his special abilities into a distinctive style that stands out from the great, gray morass of video news.

For many years, Pettit was known as NBC's "disaster man," shuttling between earthquakes, air crashes, tornadoes, tidal waves and assassinations. He was the only network newsman present in the basement of the Dallas City Jail when Lee Harvey Oswald was being led toward an armored truck for a move across town. Jack Ruby's two shots forced Pettit to "shortcircuit my mental processes, so what I was seeing went in my eyes and directly out my mouth without being filtered through my brain. In some ways, it worked better that way." So closely identified was Pettit with the catastrophes he covered that once when he took his seat on a plane to San Francisco, the woman next to him exclaimed, "What in the world has happened now?" Pettit assured her the San Andreas Fault had not opened up to swallow the Golden Gate Bridge.

Eventually, NBC took him off the apocalypse beat and began exploiting his considerable talents for investigation, particularly on its late magazine show, *First Tuesday*. In February 1969, Pettit did a major *First Tuesday* report on chemical-biological warfare which won him a raft of awards (an Emmy, a Peabody, a Dupont and a Polk) and, more significantly, helped push the government into modifying its germ warfare policy. Pettit won another Emmy the next year for "Some Footnotes to 25 Nuclear Years," a report on the U.S. Nuclear Establishment, and a Robert F. Kennedy Journalism Award for "Between Two Rivers," the story of a young Sioux Indian who tried to make it in a white man's world and failed.

"Tom is one of the best investigative reporters in television," says Eliot Frankel, an executive producer for NBC News. "Most important, he's an incredibly hard worker. For a lot of guys, television is just a succession of one-minute spots, and they're satisfied to get one minute of material. But Tom doesn't stop there. He wants to know as much as the print guys. He's a digger."

Pettit has just won another award—a Dupont—for a truly striking piece of television journalism: a six-part series on "Feeding the Poor," broadcast last spring. The series grew out of some extensive NBC reports on world hunger, including stories from India, Bangladesh and the Sahara. "We felt the time had come to do something on hunger in America," recalls Fred Flamenhaft, the series' producer. "In the fall of 1974, Les Crystal, the executive producer, sent me down to Memphis to look at a nutritional program which had run out of funds. In



Tom Pettit, once NBC's specialist on disaster coverage, has more recently taken to the presidential primary trail. But the stories he does best combine his investigative flair with a sensitive touch, such as when he met with army deserter Paul Cunningham (far right, with friend Linda Goggin) in New Brunswick, Canada, to report on the amnesty controversy for the now-defunct "First Tuesday" program.



the course of doing that, I stumbled across some other stories which looked like the start of the series we'd been seeking. When I told him about them, Crystal said, 'Get Pettit.' Tom was the obvious guy to do the reporting, because he combined the capacity for hard-nosed investigation with a sense for the human situation."

Flamenhaft says Pettit "worked his ass off" for five months. "One morning in Alabama, we were up at 4 a.m. to film a black man on his way to town to apply for food stamps. We stuck with him all day and followed him home at night. That's the way Tom works." That day produced a classic story, which began with the 58-year old black man rising from bed. "This man is named Willie Jernigan," Pettit said in his voiceover:

He is going into town about eight miles away. He has been doing this every morning for more than two weeks. This morning is very cold: 22 degrees. Occasionally Mr. Jernigan gets a ride quickly, but not often. Every day for 11 days he has patiently waited for a ride into town to get food stamps. Every day he has come back empty-handed. Sometimes he has to pay two dollars for his ride; generosity runs thin here in Bullock County. That day, it turned out, Jernigan finally got his food stamps renewed. After 12 days of waiting, there was no explanation of why it had taken so long. Six months from now, Willie Jernigan will have to go into the food stamp office again . . . and to find out how many more trips it will take.

Pettit's other reports told of a Montana woman battling to get food stamps in one of the two counties in the country which did not then permit stamps; a Mexican woman in Los Angeles County who cannot get the food she so desperately needs for her five children because she is an illegal alien; a nine-month old child in Lowndes County, Alabama, suffering from anemia because of chronic malnutrition; three generations of a family in the San Joaquin Valley with differing attitudes toward work and welfare.

But probably the most powerful report came last: a portrait of

Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz, who believed that feeding the poor was not the proper function of his department. "The big boss, Mr. Butz, is on the road a lot," Pettit reported:

This is Twin Falls, Idaho. A Republican fund-raising dinner . . . Honolulu, March 17. Secretary Butz at the convention of the National Grain and Feed Association . . . Kansas City, March 20. Butz at the National Pork Producers Convention . . . It is truly staggering that the United States Department of Agriculture—which is committed to growing and marketing the most abundant supply of food in the world, officially wants nothing to do with feeding the poor.

These days, Pettit—like so many other television reporters—is covering politics. He and John Hart have been doing NBC's broad-brush roundups of the primary states. And occasionally, Pettit tries to bring a certain wit to his reporting. "Being president has enormous advantages," he intoned behind a shot of Gerald Ford with flag and trumpeting bullhorn during the Florida primary. "You can go anywhere, anytime. You always have a loud speaker that works." Cut to film of Ronald Reagan with malfunctioning microphone. "But if you're the challenger, you don't have the assurance that anything will work."

For the most part, though, Pettit's reporting is routine, quick summaries of a day on the campaign trail that tell us almost nothing. As his hunger series demonstrated, he's too good a journalist simply to wander around the country until next fall mouthing the predictable pabulum of network political reporting. As Pettit said in an NBC radio broadcast earlier this year: "Reporters who cover politics are always telling you what the candidates are saying or doing, or what they stand for. Today I will tell you what I want in a candidate for the Presidency. I want a candidate who will speak the truth. First and foremost."

A network correspondent who would do likewise—especially with Pettit's gift for investigation—would be refreshing, too.

# HELLBOX

## Continuing Sagas

While in New York the National News Council ponders its ineffectiveness and uncertain future ["Who's Afraid of the NNC?"—March 1976], the Riverside, California, Press Council has called it quits—mostly because no one has filed any complaints lately about the Riverside newspapers. The press council began in 1973 and was composed of 11 Riverside citizens. It got \$6,000 from the Markle Foundation and had a professional consultant. A notice of the press council's existence and address was published every day in the *Riverside Press* and the Riverside edition of *The Daily Enterprise*. During its existence, the council issued five reports, two fairly critical of the papers and the others neither for nor against. In voting to disband, the council said it had received few complaints in the last year, and in recent months had received none at all. The \$405 left in the council treasury is being given to the Riverside library. —MIKE QUINN

The Supreme Court has declined to review the case of the Polish American Congress, which seeks equal time on the networks to rebut all Polish jokes ["Are Polish Jokes Hazardous to Our Health?"—February 1976]. An appellate court ruling had declared that the telling of a Polish joke did not constitute "a controversy of public importance" that is required to win equal time. That ruling now stands. Unjaunted, PAC president Thaddeus Kowalski says he will next move to organize a national boycott of all companies that sponsor programs whose contents he and the Congress find undesirable and demeaning.

## Dial M

MacDonald's—whose Big Mac has become as American as apple pie, whose young men and women are so clean and wholesome and whose commercials consistently stress its appeal as a family place—may be the largest single sponsor of violent television programming. Ron Slaby, a University of Washington psychology professor, and 300 of his students surveyed all TV shows during the week of Feb. 22-28, 1974, to determine the rate of violence on the air. During 376.08 hours of network programming that week, they recorded 2,796 violent episodes—an average of 7.43 violent episodes per hour for all network programming.

Breaking down each television hour



Paul Richer

into sponsored segments, the study found that MacDonald's sponsored programs with an appreciably higher average of 22.50 violent episodes per hour. MacDonald's led the list of the week's 65 sponsors. In second place was Golden Grain Macaroni Corp., makers of Rice a Roni, with 20.45 violent episodes per hour on its shows. Third was Skipper's Fish and Chips, Inc. (19.20), and fourth was Great Western United Corp., owners of Shakey's Pizza (18.42). Time Inc. was seventh with 13.90. In last place was Sperry Hutchinson Co., which sponsored no violent segments at all.

No one at MacDonald's headquarters was anxious to discuss this latest achievement. Peter Nelson, the MacDonald's account executive at the Needham Harper & Steers advertising agency, says, "On the basis of the definition of violence contained in the survey, no sponsor could show the King James version of the Bible and not be guilty of sponsoring violence."

Slaby defined a violent episode as "the overt expression of physical force against other or self or the compelling of overt action against one's will on pain of being hurt or killed." Slaby, whose findings were released in the winter issue of the *Journal of Communications*, cautions that "many sponsors don't know ahead of time what the content of the programs they're sponsoring will be during that week" due to the nature of time-buying on TV. But some sponsors do know. MacDonald's ad man Nelson says "we monitor all action programs and have been for five or six years," and the agency "has pulled commercials out of specific episodes."

A major factor contributing to MacDonald's first-place finish was its heavy advertising—along with other fast-food franchises—on children's

cartoon shows. Slaby found that children's cartoons are probably the form of programming with the highest level of violence—21.50 episodes per hour (as compared to 7.43 for all programming). Detective shows were second, with 18.30 episodes, westerns next with 15.29, and movies fourth with 15.16.

Although only one week was monitored for the survey, Slaby says "we've no reason to believe that this week is any different from any other." Says Nelson of MacDonald's: "We don't exceed good standards" and "we're not going to change."

—ERIC P. NADELBERG

## House Raider

Boston's WCVB-TV had just finalized arrangements with the White House to have newscaster John Willis interview President Ford for the station's *Good Morning* show. About a day later, associate producer Terry Knopf called presidential media coordinator Robert Mead to ask if they would mind having a "guest host" along for the interview.

Mead: Who?

Knopf: Ralph Nader.

Mead: Forget it.

Nader had appeared the previous week on *Good Morning* and expressed a desire to interview all the Presidential candidates. Mead says he declined because he had already agreed to another format, and because Nader was not a regular member of the show. "It's like being invited to dinner and then calling the host at the last minute to tell him you were bringing along 17 people," he observed.

## Muddbath

Coming up with a little Bicentennial filler every day for an entire year is no sweat for the CBS Evening News. On Jan. 7, for example, it simply dispatched no less than Roger Mudd to report from the graveside ceremonies marking the anniversary of Millard Fillmore's birthday. In summarizing the Great Achievements of the Fillmore Administration, an entirely appropriate gesture under the circumstances, Mudd informed us that it was during the tenure of President Fillmore that the first White House bathtub was installed.

Now clean, unambiguous facts of

this sort are hard to come by, especially in history, and should be cherished. But this particular fact is unblemished by so much as a zit of truth and comprises a daisy chain of plagiarisms going back to the fertile imagination of H.L. Mencken.

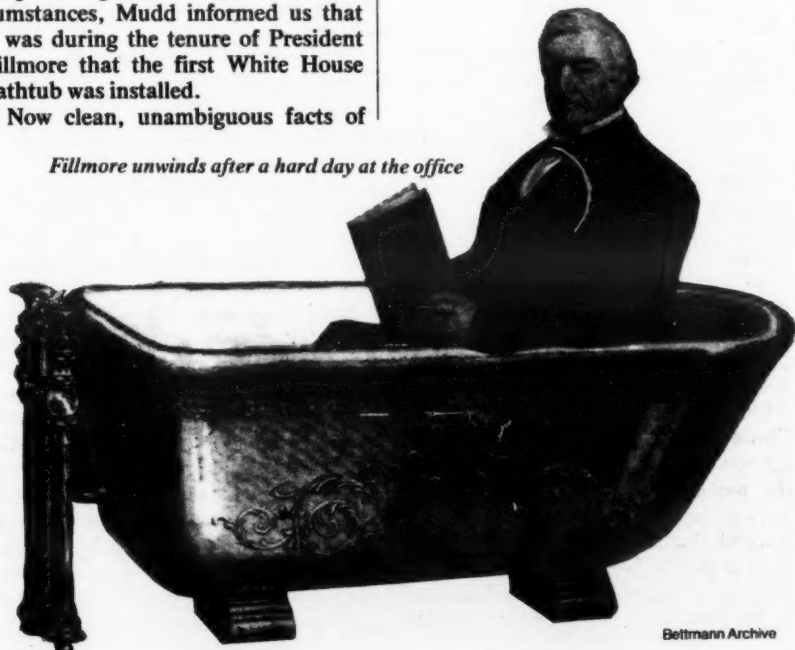
In 1917, writing for the *New York Evening Mail*, "The Sage of Baltimore" sought to relieve the tedium of wartime by concocting an outrageous journalistic spoof entitled "A Neglected Anniversary." In sonorous phrases, and with fastidious attention to detail, he fabricated a history of the bathtub from its "invention" in 1842 by one Adam Thompson, a Cincinnati cotton merchant, to its general acceptance in American homes some thirty years later. That acceptance, according to Mencken, was won in spite of thunderous assaults by supporters of the unscrubbed status quo. However, with Fillmore's first Saturday night dip in 1851, to hear Mencken tell it, the opposition collapsed, and it was merely a matter of time before the bathtub was to become the bane of small boys everywhere.

Nine years later, in the *Chicago Tribune* of May 23, 1926, Mencken wrote, "All I care to do today is to reiterate, in the most solemn and awful terms, that my history of the bathtub was pure buncombe." Unfortunately, the confession came too late. Mencken's fairy tale had been swallowed to the last comma by a credulous public. Over the years it has been quoted, translated and even enshrined in standard works of reference, the latest being the fast-selling and otherwise excellent *The People's Almanac*.

CBS "corrected" its report a few days later, substituting Madison for Fillmore and 1814 for 1851. Wrong again. According to the National Archives in Washington, the first White House bathtub was installed for the benefit of Andy and Rachel Jackson in 1834.

—BOB RODSETH

Fillmore unwinds after a hard day at the office



Bettmann Archive

## By The Shores Of . . .

NOW YOU KNOW

BY UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

THE LONGEST TITLED LAKE IN THE WORLD, LAKE CHARGOGAGOGMANCHAUGAGOGCHAUBUNAGUNGAMAUG, NEAR WEBSTER, MASS. (IT IS KNOWN LOCALLY AS LAKE WEBSTER), IS NAMED AFTER AN INDIAN EXPRESSION: "YOU FISH ON YOUR SIDE, WE FISH ON OUR SIDE, NOBODY FISHES IN THE MIDDLE."

UPI 11-18 03:46 RES

# HELLBOX

## Rousing Sons

A siege force of some three dozen Japanese correspondents clung stubbornly to the press tables of the large Senate hearing room while an outraged knot of journalistic "regulars" representing the wire services, major dailies and news magazines seethed outside. The Japanese were hungry for more details of the \$12 million in payoffs by the Lockheed Corporation to important political figures in Tokyo. The initial revelations had been made in the same room two days before at an earlier hearing of the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations, but the Japanese press had not been forewarned and were not there.

This time they were firmly dug into their positions. It was only at the insistence of the Capitol Police and the Senate Press Gallery staff that the Japanese newsmen cleared the room and the press corps regrouped outside for a more closely supervised assault on the press tables. "Axis powers at the far table and Allies over here!" shouted *The Wall Street Journal's* Jerry Landauer as the wave of Japanese, German, British, Dutch and American journalists made the second dash for seats.

*The Congressional Directory* lists some 40 full-time Japanese correspondents working in Washington. But with the burgeoning of the Lockheed scandal—which threatened the collapse of the government in Japan—the specialists and super-sleuths began arriving from Tokyo. For three weeks, the Japanese journalistic juggernaut thrashed through Washington, crowding hearing rooms, tying up switchboards and making midnight visits—all in search of the names.

Examples of their dogged tracking abounded. Sen. Frank Church was provoked to announce that he would no longer speak to the Japanese press because of misquotations and unrelenting pursuit by a small minority. One night as Lockheed president Robert Haack was returning from a dinner party to his home far in the Maryland suburbs, he found Shinju Taoka camped out beside the privet, waiting. (Taoka, head of a 30-man task force on Lockheed assembled by *Asahi*, a leading Japanese daily, was among those who had flown to Washington on the story.) "I decided my only chance was to launch a surprise attack," said the intrepid Taoka. "It was an interesting interview, not much hard news, but good display."

Then there is the funeral story—a parable of phonetic and cultural misperception. One Japanese correspondent was on the trail of John Clutter, the Lockheed official who acknowledged that he had supervised the pay-offs in Japan. After several days of telephone detective work, he learned that Clutter might be attending a family funeral in Phoenix the next day. He and a colleague boarded a jet and, with the help of a local



A kamikaze-style crash into the home of a Japanese official who reportedly received payoffs from Lockheed was the most dramatic sign of the furor the scandal produced in Japan. Accordingly, the Japanese press descended en masse on Washington in relentless pursuit of the story.

newspaper reporter in Phoenix, canvassed the funeral homes. Patience was finally rewarded and they learned where the services would be held the following morning. The next day, when the organ music subsided and the mourners filed out, the two Japanese pounced. "It was a most unfortunate mistake," one later recalled. "The gentleman's name was Mr. Crouter. I have not yet found Mr. Clutter." The two names, as he pronounced them, were hardly distinguishable.

—LAURENCE STERN

## The Lone Rebel

On March 2 *Women's Wear Daily* reported rumblings in the White House Correspondents Association over the selection of Tennessee Ernie Ford and the Nashville Opryland Singers to entertain at the press group's annual black-tie dinner. The May 1 event, which will honor President Ford, regularly attracts the top government officials in Washington. The *WWD* item appeared unsigned but was written by *WWD* Washington bureau chief Lloyd Schwartz. Schwartz quoted WHCA president Helen Thomas as saying that a "minor rebellion" had indeed occurred over the program. Thomas denies she said this. Closer inspection suggests that any "rebellion" there might have been consisted primarily of one member—Lloyd Schwartz, who thinks that such a distinguished audience would better appreciate such talents as Mort Sahl or Beverly Sills. When asked for the names of fellow rebels, Schwartz was unable to provide any.

## Fowl Play?

Mississippi Power and Light Company, the state's largest utility, stands across the street from the offices of the *Clarion-Ledger* and *The Daily News* in Jackson. MP&L could not wish for a better neighbor than the Hederman family, which owns both newspapers.

In January, *Daily News* reporter Jeffrey Smith discovered that MP&L had entertained two public service commissioners—Norman A. Johnson, Jr., and D.W. Snyder—on a weekend duck-hunting trip in a Stuttgart, Arkansas, hideaway in late 1973. Smith's story was laid out and pasted up when editor Jimmy Ward pulled it a few hours before press time on Jan. 26. Ward and managing editor O.C. McDavid offered a variety of reasons for their decision, but settled on the argument that the statute of limita-

tions had expired for prosecuting the commissioners over a 1973 trip.

According to reporter Smith, Ward and McDavid told him "the *Jackson Daily News* shouldn't try to expose these things." Smith then submitted a list of six other investigative pieces he felt confident could be developed, three involving hunting and fishing trips the same two commissioners had enjoyed as guests of other utilities. When all these ideas were rejected, Smith gave two weeks' notice.

One month later, *Clarion-Ledger* reporter Frederic N. Tulsy turned up the same story on MP&L. Shortly before press time, editor Tom Hederman pulled the story. Says Hederman: "There's nothing to say." Ward: "I don't have anything to say about that."

Last year both newspapers had come down hard when commissioners Johnson and Snyder were caught by

## Spitball

In March 1973, *Sport* magazine editor Dick Schaap wrote a moving column about Joe Page, Yankee relief ace of the 1940's. "It would be nice to report that Page has flourished since his days with the Yankees," wrote Schaap. "It would be nice, but untrue. Since his baseball career ended, Page has had little but trouble. His first marriage ended in divorce. His second wife died. He owned a bar for a while. He held a few insignificant jobs briefly. Now, mostly, he drinks."

One of those most moved by Schaap's piece was Joe Page, who was doing reasonably well operating a tavern in Laughlinton, Pa., and hardly fit the description of itinerant wino. Furthermore, he had never met Schaap or even spoken with him. Schaap soon discovered that he had been snookered by a man named Hayes, who had been plying his Page impersonation around New Jersey for years.

Hayes was introduced to Schaap by a Jersey City clothier trying to help the "pitcher" get back on his feet. Schaap had never met Page, but he says other *Sport* personnel who had seen Page pitch were taken in by the imposter's resemblance to Page and his faultless recitation of Page's career. "I was trying to help the guy," Schaap says. "We offered to interview him on the air during the World Series. He backed out, said he wasn't feeling well. Obviously I didn't do the world's most thorough checking job. But [Hayes] didn't get any of the facts wrong. What credentials do ex-big leaguers carry? They don't carry lifetime passes to ballparks."

Although *Sport* ran a retraction in May 1973, Page and his very-much-alive wife filed a \$1.5 million libel suit against Schaap, the magazine and its publisher, Macfadden-Bartell Corp. After lengthy maneuvering and negotiating, the two sides reached a settlement, approved this year in February by Federal District Court in Pittsburgh. The Pages were awarded \$25,000.

Macfadden-Bartell had suggested the \$25,000 figure to Lloyd F. Engle, Jr., Page's lawyer, as an amount the company could afford to pay—but not all at once. (Bartell Media, owner of Macfadden-Bartell, lost \$1,354,000 through the first nine months of 1975, according to Standard and Poors.) The two sides reached an agreement whereby M-B would pay \$3,000 to the Pages initially and \$2,000 for each of the next 11 months, beginning in March 1976.

Engle is less than satisfied with the settlement, calling it "a damn shame." But, he says, "it was a case of no blood in the turnip."

—EVAN PATTAK



The real Joe Page in his Yankee heyday

Acme Photo

# HELLBOX

reporters and photographers stepping off a plush Illinois Central-Gulf Railroad executive car after a weekend of goose-hunting at an I.C.G. lodge in Illinois. The MP&L situation was similar—but MP&L is not I.C.G.

MP&L spends much of its \$400,000 annual advertising budget in the state's largest newspapers—the *Clarion-Ledger* and the *Daily News*. MP&L is a reliable investor in the Jackson Industrial Development Corporation and the Central Mississippi Growth Foundation—where Tom Hederman and MP&L president Don Lutken sit as directors. The Hederman papers testify ad nauseam to the owners' pet civic projects, Mississippi College and Baptist Hospital in Jackson—known in some circles as Hederman U and Hederman Hospital. Several years ago MP&L contributed \$15,150 to the hospital and in 1972 came up with \$100,000 for the college. Tom Hederman is active in the Jackson Chamber of Commerce and is concerned about the city projecting a positive image.

The MP&L story finally broke on Feb. 26 in the *Daily Herald* on the Gulf Coast, listing Jeffrey Smith as co-author. The wire services picked up and followed the story. No word about the trip has yet appeared in either Jackson newspaper.

Instead, readers were treated to a page-one account of the testimony of MP&L's Lutken before the Public Service Commission in defense of a \$30 million rate increase. The article—written by Jeffrey Smith before he left—jumped to a back page. There, above the text, was a four-color, two-column, six-inch deep photograph of Lutken. The caption announced that Donald Lutken "has been elected president of the Andrew Jackson Council, Boy Scouts of America, for 1976." What's more, it noted, he was a Silver Beaver Award-winner. At the end, it added that he is president of Mississippi Power and Light.

—HANK KLIBANOFF

## The Luce Legacy

Time-Life salesmanship was in peak form when the National Association of Television Program Executives met recently in San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel. No expense was spared to lure prospective buyers. While other hospitality suites made do with liquor and peanuts, Time-Life recreated an English pub atmosphere that included 101 kinds of cheeses and a parrot named Corina—"for decor," says Harvey Chertok, T-L director of advertising and sales promotion. The parrot was rented from a local pet shop for \$200. Then T-L had to pay Lloyd's of London \$139 to cover \$1,500 worth of possible bird-related damages. Chertok stresses that this was no ordinary bird. Corina had a vocabulary of about 17 words and phrases, including "hello," "good-bye," and "give me a beer." She didn't make any off-color remarks. "After all," Chertok explains, "we are Time-Life."

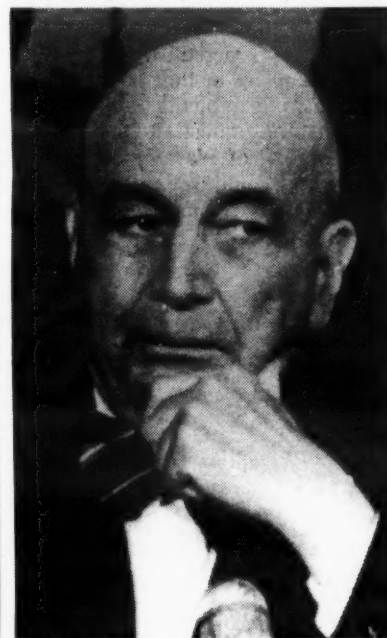
## Cashing In?

Understandably, William Loeb is not very happy about Kevin Cash's tough best-selling biography. *Who the hell is William Loeb?* Loeb, the controversial publisher of the Manchester (N.H.) *Union-Leader*, has called the work "a hatchet job and purely a hate book," referred to the author as "scum" and continually threatened to sue. Now, in an effort to make Loeb "put up or shut up," Cash has filed a \$4.8 million defamation-of-character suit against him in U.S. District Court in Concord.

Cash says Loeb hasn't carried out his threat to sue because he or his lawyers must know that the book is not libelous. Cash checked his facts carefully, generally quoting from public documents or Loeb's own acerbic editorials and comments. "My book tells about Loeb's life," he says, "and to this day, it is his life."

While Loeb still hasn't filed suit, one of his closest buddies and political creations has. New Hampshire Governor Meldrim Thomson, Jr., has sued Cash for \$375,000, claiming libel in a paragraph on page 264 which refers to Thomson's past business activities.

The Loeb biography sold over 60,000 copies in just 90 days in New



Loeb: will he or won't he?

Wide World

Hampshire and, after much national publicity, is being distributed throughout the country. Cash had to publish the biography himself after a succession of publishers refused to touch a highly critical work about a man with a reputation for being litigious. Precisely how litigious will soon be seen.

—PHIL PRIMACK

## Dear Dick Stop

Richard Nixon has been offered \$100,000 against royalties for a book recording his experiences and personal observations during his recent trip to China. Major Books, a quickie paperback house in California, made the offer in a mailgram sent to Nixon at San Clemente. The world awaits his reply.



Sweet and lovely Mary Hartman (above) will never be sponsored by sweet and lovely Anita Bryant (right, with friend). "It's just been our policy to spare Anita any embarrassment," says the Florida Citrus Department.



Wide World

## No Soup on Soap

Mary Hartman, that valiant innocent from Fernwood, Ohio, whose life is disrupted by goat slaughters, gonorrhea epidemics and drownings in chicken soup, probably would be pleased to know she is performing good deeds throughout the country. Although Norman Lear's frank and funny soap opera is generally scoring high ratings, many advertisers are boycotting the program. As a result, *Mary Hartman*, *Mary Hartman* is often "sponsored" by such non-paying good causes as leukemia research and the American Bicentennial Commission.

The Florida Department of Citrus, Colgate-Palmolive Co. and Campbell's Soup Co. have specifically instructed that when their messages are placed run-of-schedule—that is, anywhere in a station's programming—the one place in the schedule to be avoided is anytime during *Mary Hartman*. Other advertisers have confined their ban to stations that present *Mary* late in the afternoon, when children may be watching. Among the companies involved are American Home Products, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Bristol-Myers, Quaker Oats, General Mills, Salada Tea, Kellogg's, A&P, Colonial Foods and L'Espresso pantyhose.

The show's irreverent tone and explicit handling of such everyday topics as masturbation, orgasm and impotence are obviously scaring them off. Vernon S. Mullen, the advertising director of the Florida citrus department, was forthcoming. "We don't feel that it's an appropriate background to put an Anita Bryant commercial in," he said. "She projects a certain image—purity and wholesomeness—in keeping with the character of the woman herself. It's just been a policy to spare Anita any embarrassment."

Nonetheless, Anita and some of her fellow corporate hucksters are likely to turn up during other daytime soap operas where the action is often just as racy. (On one, a woman paraded around in her underwear for two

weeks before sampling the pleasures of interracial extramarital sex.) In some markets, the difference between these soaps (which are aired by the three networks) and *Mary Hartman* (which is independently syndicated to 100 stations), is at least a half-hour lead. That is, the networks get their soaps onto the air before 3:30 p.m., which in the television world is a witching half-hour when all adult viewers turn into 10-year-old children.

Some station programmers insufficiently concerned about saving the children are paying the price. In Seattle, KING-TV is getting a third of the audience for *Mary Hartman* at 5 p.m., but runs a lot of mail-order record ads and public service spots during the show. The station credits one Christine Matkovich for prevailing upon local advertisers to remove their messages. Matkovich allows that she has alerted a few sponsors but insists she is only concerned with the early time slot and is "not out to shaft the program."

Barbara Anderson of Morality in Media, a plainclothes morals squad in Boston, says she is out to shaft the program. To Anderson, Lear is "an SSS man"—standing for sex, scatology and sacrilege. She has advised those who agree to contact the sponsors. After weeks of borderline profitability airing the show at 3:30 p.m., WCVB-TV in Boston saw the light and moved *Mary* to 11:30 p.m.

Not all stations airing the show in the afternoon are planning to give in, however. "Now we have a situation in which I am personally appalled that so many people think that they can say what can and cannot be seen," says Robert Guy, program director at Seattle's KING-TV. Keeping the show on the air, he said, "is kind of a thing with me."

How much of a thing airing *Mary* is for the stations without advertisers will be established at renewal time after the show has run 26 weeks. Lear's office in California says the first time around the stations got favorable rates, but these are bound to increase because of rising production costs.

—MICHAEL RODDY

# Reflections On Hollywoodstein



## Eight temporary movie critics assess the latest Watergate rage—*All The President's Men*.

### RUSSELL BAKER

More elusive than the source of the Nile is the mysterious source of Watergate, that phantom of the subterranean shadows whom Woodward and Bernstein called Deep Throat. An innocent watching *All the President's Men* might sensibly conclude that Deep Throat was actually none other than Mark Twain. This, at least, is the inference I was tempted to draw as I studied the shadow on the screen, checked the program and discovered that it was Hal Holbrook, a pseudonym under which Mark has been touring the country these past 15 years.

I don't believe it for a minute. In fact, I become uneasy and suspicious about the whole film. It is engaged in a cover-up and the fraud is as patent as the oleaginous guile of Ronald Ziegler trying to fake the press off the trail. Deep Throat was Mark Twain? Not half likely, Ron.

Am I being unduly captious on this point? I think not. A reporter may insist on the right to conceal his source, but a movie can't get away with it, least of all when the source is the hinge on which the heroes' apparent defeat is turned to victory, as happens here.

The strength of this film is its air of authenticity, its painfully scrupulous doting on documentary detail, but the necessity to preserve Deep Throat's cover creates a crude fictional hollow at its center. Deep Throat is rarely more than a silhouette in his underground garage. Except for a perpetually pained expression, suggesting that he may suffer from chronic acid indigestion, he does not even appear to be human. Dramatically, of course, he is the eleventh-rate dramatist's final admission of incompetence, that old bore *deus ex machina*, summoned down from Olympus to put the plot back on the tracks when the dramatist is at wit's end.

This is irritating enough in a mythic work like *The Aeneid* when the likes of Minerva are constantly descending from the clouds to intervene on the battlefield and turn the day against the Trojan army. In a work striving for authenticity, it is fatal.

All we ever learn about Deep Throat is that he once gave Woodward-Redford some information about the Wallace assassination attempt. An F.B.I. man perhaps? There is no other clue. Yet he is willing to go to incredible pains to help our heroes move to the next stage of their investigation each time they reach a dead end, and finally, when it seems that they have destroyed themselves, inexplicably makes heroes of them by announcing, in an uncharacteristic burst of garrulity, that, yes, H.R. Haldeman really is up to his ears in the slush. End of movie.

Woodward and Bernstein's book is much better on Deep Throat, and because it is a written chronicle of a great piece of reporting, we accept the reporters' necessity to conceal their source and even take pleasure from teasing their clues to guess at his identity. The visual and dramatic demands of film will not tolerate such a cover-up of a central character. I leave the theater feeling, as after a Ziegler briefing, that the best part of the story has gone untold.

This may be the wrong time to have tried making this movie. As long as Deep Throat must be kept anonymous, we are deprived of those insights into character and motivation of an apparently powerful government man willing to help destroy his criminal bosses, which are the stuff that make drama absorbing. Without them we sit two hours in the dark seeing everything explained and go out understanding nothing.

*Russell Baker is the resident wit and a columnist at The New York Times.*

### DICK CAVETT

I confess to having had doubts about how well this story could be gotten onto film. My doubts had to do with how you would maintain interest in a story whose outcome is already known to the audience; but all doubts were dispelled in the first three minutes. I found myself caught up in the sequence of events the way I would be by a good piece of film fiction, pulling for the heroes even

though, in fact, I knew they would succeed. I find this remarkable and a tribute to the acting, direction, and editing.

I think allowances might have been made for certain liberties with the facts ("What the hell, it's a movie. Let's have a scene where the President calls Bradlee..."), but the fact that no liberties were taken is admirable. I'd be curious to know if it was a conscious decision not to go into deep—or even semi-deep—personal background about Woodward and Bernstein; seeing them with their girl friends, relatives, etc. If it was it was a good decision, because the single-minded pursuit theme of the film is enhanced by this. Not taking personal sidetraps into the lives of the characters seems to me to be one of the things that keeps the film wound tight. What you might call the "AND THEN?? . . . And then?" quality is kept taut, and when the movie was over I wanted more.

I felt both nostalgic and incredulous watching the film. It made me realize how much of a Watergate junkie I was and how much I miss it and what a truly incredible story it is. Years from now, viewers of the film will think that this or that must have been made up for the movie. It's a terrific film and one to be thankful for. I think we can all find it in our hearts to give the Nixon Administration credit for supplying us with the best movie scenario to come out of Washington in modern memory. My personal feeling is that gratitude should be expressed where it is due, and I, for one, plan to drop a card to San Clemente saying, "Thanks for a wonderful evening."

*Dick Cavett may or may not be Deep Throat.*

### JANE HOWARD

A hundred and fifty minutes is a long time to squirm in one seat, but the hype for *All The President's Men* is not unfounded. Robert Redford, with Magic Marker and Spiral notepad in hand to play reporter Bob Woodward, tries manfully and almost successfully not to look too elegant. Dustin Hoffman, more plausibly cast as Carl Bernstein, cons his engaging way into the living rooms of wary CREEP functionaries whose blurted confessions help unravel Watergate.

The Washington these young men prowls looks right; the texture of bureaucracy is captured well. You can almost smell the drear of the federal corridors, and the Burbank version of the *Post's* city room, with its uplifting splashes of primary color, is remarkably like the real one at 15th and L. The reporters' apartments are as jammed with unlabeled, overdue folders as my own is at this moment. Too bad their boss Kay Graham couldn't be lured downstairs and on-camera, or at least let herself be portrayed, but Jason Robards makes such an uncannily good Ben Bradlee that her absence isn't so noticeable.

What this movie mostly made me think of was my ten weeks last spring as a guest teacher at the University of Georgia's Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, I guess because Georgia had reminded me so incessantly of Watergate. They talk funny down there, and by funny I don't mean southern. When the dean pleaded one day that "We need more inputs from y'all," it wasn't his "y'all" that bothered me. With too few exceptions, my colleagues on that faculty could have slipped nicely into Nixon's White House, given as they were to seconding each other's motions to study the feasibility of a doctorate program in Mass Communications. They'd gossip at length about rumors of toppling regimes and forced resignations, in the same syntax that earlier led us all to the brink of "Four! More! Years!"

"The media itself is under fire across the land," as was remarked at one faculty meeting. "Between him and I there's never been any real problem," someone said at another. "We just try to prioritize one year at a time." Prioritized on every agenda was the school's big enrollment upsurge: kids kept swarming over, defecting from liberal arts departments, expecting instant and painless glory and hefty salaries immediately upon graduation. Not many of them signed up for writing courses; they were more drawn to what were called the TV-Radio and Ad-PR Sequences (sequences, indeed), evidently hoping to

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Left, Woodward and Bernstein leave the Library of Congress. Right, editors Ben Bradlee and Howard Simons (played by Jason Robards, left, and Martin Balsam).



be Walter Cronkite or Marion Javits when they grew up. Just before midterm one student dropped out of my class, because "these weekly assignments make me feel anxious." Anxiety, she had been led to believe, was a nagging but passing option of late adolescence.

With any luck, *All The President's Men* will straighten her out, and indirectly help to deglamorize journalism schools. The movie's final scene, when the two reporters are so busy at their clattering typewriters that they don't even glance up to watch Nixon's second swearing-in on TV, makes this message clear. The way to be a hotshot journalist is not to theorize about media inputs but to say things plainly and work your ass off.

Jane Howard is the author of *A Different Woman* (Dutton).

## JEFF GREENFIELD

It's been a well-kept secret, but *All the President's Men* wasn't supposed to be a movie at all; it was supposed to be a network television show. What went wrong? Here, through the intercession of a ridiculously well-placed source, is the memorandum from the programming chief of Transcontinental Broadcasting to the producers of *All the President's Men*:

TO: Pakula and Redford

FROM: SID CANN, V.P. Programming, Transcontinental Broadcasting.

Fellas: What can I say? We love it! A forty-share lock for sure! And I know these few problems will be cured with a rewrite faster than you can say fourth quarter dividends.

Your first problem, guys, is that the script's a little thin on action. This is not a static medium; unless you can jar the viewer, shake him out of his seat, nobody cares. And frankly, most of your story is Woodward and Bernstein on the phone, Woodward and Bernstein taking notes, Woodward and Bernstein typing . . . you get the point. Now I think we can make this thing a lot more potent without sacrificing anyone's basic integrity. Just a few simple changes.

I want two or three car chases: you know, big cars with "WHITE HOUSE" or "CREEP" painted on the side, to let the viewer in on what's going on. I'd like to see one of the second level bad guys (Colson? Erlichman?) driving the car, and someone like Dean or Magruder shooting at Woodward and Bernstein as they screech around the Washington Monument, the Tidal Basin, places like that.

Along this line, you need to make the good guy's car distinctive, like the Starsky and Hutch mobile. Maybe paint a stripe on the side (and a matching stripe on their typewriters as well—good sales tie-in possibilities there). I also want them to have a siren on their car. In fact, to tell you the truth, I'm not crazy about the jobs they have—there hasn't been a reporter show that's lasted 13 weeks since *The Big Story*. Maybe they could be undercover cops working at the Post as a cover.

Now—no TV viewer would ever believe the informants you have here. Send them into bars, massage parlors (I'll send you some *Cannon* scripts so you'll get the idea). Maybe have a hooker spill the goods on Mitchell. What I'm saying is that this isn't an 8 o'clock show, and you haven't got enough sex in there to stir the libido of a fly.

Finally, guys, the ending—the ending! Woodward and Bernstein just sit there typing while Nixon is inaugurated? Not on your Nielsons! What I want is the 21-gun salute at Nixon's second inaugural match-dissolved with the White House shootout. What I want, I want the good guys to ram through the White House gates (screeching tires, gunshots) and start firing into the Oval Office, screaming, "Come on out, Mr. President!" Then, Nixon grabs the Constitution and puts a knife to its throat, yelling, "One step closer and the Constitution gets it right in the Preamble!"

Then, I see a helicopter. . . .

Jeff Greenfield is a political consultant and writer who watches too much television.

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## KURT VONNEGUT

It is possible to buy phonograph records with the clarinet part or the piano part missing, or whatever—a performance a living human being is expected to supply. And the movie of *All the President's Men* is like that. Each member of the audience must supply his own detailed history of Watergate, and his own rage and nausea about it, too, or the movie is bound to seem as exotic as New Year's Day in Chinatown.

Yes, and our memories of the greatest Constitutional crisis since the Civil War are fading so fast that I don't see how this movie can live much longer than a June bug, although it is honorable, exciting, and beautifully made.

Timelessness and universality are achieved in art by playful lies of a sort the authors of this movie refuse to tell. If I, back in my old *Saturday Evening Post* days, had dreamed up a story like Woodward's and Bernstein's, I would have had them know the President of the United States well. The President would insult them unforgivably; they would get the goods on him without any help from anybody else; he would threaten them and then offer them a fortune to shut up. And then they would appear before a joint session of Congress to tell all they knew. They would appear by the helicopter pad as the disgraced ex-President was about to leave Washington, and the ex-President would give them a tiny, rueful salute.

And then the two would be back on the police beat again, as broke as ever, kidding each other about the fancy lives they would have had, if only they had let the President make them millionaires.

Hi ho.

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Well—as an American citizen, I am relieved that Warner Brothers did not insist, for sound financial reasons, on telling a silly story like that.

As for the story they have allowed William Goldman and Alan J. Pakula and so on to tell: it seemed truthful to me, and it made me happy. I am still an avid Watergate fan who has forgotten nothing. I am grateful to Woodward and Bernstein for all they did.

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As I left the screening, I heard somebody say that the film was a lot like the film *Z*. I thought it was a much more innocent film than *Z*. The American reporters were like children all the way.

And then, thinking about their beguiling innocence, verging on ignorance, I was surprised to be reminded of *Treasure Island*, by Robert Louis Stevenson. It was an easy jump, I found, from Richard M. Nixon to Long John Silver—and from Woodstein to the brave and nice Jim Hawkins.

I draw these parallels with utter respect.

Cheers.

Kurt Vonnegut is the author of *Breakfast of Champions* (Delacorte).

## SAM ROBERTS

Nobody bothered to shout "stop the presses" for a third-rate burglary at the Watergate that June of 1972. And nobody needed to when two *Washington Post* reporters wrote their first-rate accounts of the plot by all the president's men to steal the Constitution. Like the stories themselves, the movie version of enterprising reporting by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward is dramatic enough.

From a story that is so familiar to millions of Americans, Alan Pakula has directed a film that is both gripping and inspiring. It is certain to set off another flurry of applications to journalism schools, stir some reporters to greatness and cause others to question the significance of assignments that pale by comparison.

"They're hungry," their editor said of Woodward and Bernstein as he



Left, the more-freewheeling Bernstein works at home amid countless cigarette butts. Right, cameras roll on the Post newsroom set reconstructed in a Burbank studio.

fought a jurisdictional dispute over the story with the paper's political staff. And other hungry reporters will find *All the President's Men* food for thought.

The movie seems surprisingly real. From the first crash of a typewriter key to the staccato teletype message that Richard Nixon had resigned, the action and actors are believable. It might have been less diverting to cast unknowns in the reporters' roles. The juxtaposition of the televised announcement of Nixon's renomination (by Gerald Ford) and inaugural (he swears to "preserve and protect" the Constitution) with the sweaty sleuthing and scribbling by Woodward and Bernstein might seem contrived. And *The Washington Post* newsroom does seem awfully neat—even though Warner Brothers insists it is a precise replica.

But the use of real news film clips of all the political personalities except Hugh Sloan makes the movie less plastic. And woven into the understated script are all those emotions prompted by reporting for high and low stakes: the paranoia, the foibles and frailties, the thrill of confirming each morsel of information, the danger of jumping to conclusions. And, of course, the real life rivalry between the *Post* and *The New York Times*.

*All the President's Men* also points up some of what's wrong with today's reporting: from the handicap of not knowing Spanish, to encouraging "hungry" newsmen, being persistent, using the phone book, and having the distorting perspective that all public officials are guilty until proven innocent. A secretary's account that John Mitchell had a raincoat over his head as he entered a shredding session prompted all sorts of conspiratorial pictures on the part of Dustin Hoffman (Bernstein). Until Robert Redford (Woodward) cautions, "It could've been raining."

The film also pokes fun at the all-too-close ties between some political reporters and politicians. "If you print that," Clark McGregor warns Woodward, "our relationship will be terminated." But, Woodward replies during their first phone conversation, "we don't have a relationship."

Jason Robards is a gem as *Post* editor Ben Bradlee, who seems the urbane Bogart. "I can't do all the reporting for my reporters," he complains, "which means I have to trust them—and I hate trusting anybody."

*All the President's Men* inspires a triple trust all its own. It is a triumph for much maligned newspapermen, democracy—and capitalism.

Sam Roberts is chief political reporter for the *New York Daily News* and co-author of "I Never Wanted To Be Vice President of Anything," a book about Nelson Rockefeller to be published this spring by Basic Books.

## ROY COHN

Those who wallowed in the tragedy of Watergate and squeezed every ounce of American blood out of it, will find their prejudices happily massaged by *All the President's Men*. Those who think that the political raid at Watergate and the subsequent events were blown up way out of proportion to the detriment of America will find the picture a boring rehash laced with political digs at every opponent of McGovernism. These digs make the picture more a political propaganda tool than an historically helpful event.

For examples: The Republican Administration is constantly berated for daring to show any interest in Chappaquiddick, without the acknowledgment that Senator Kennedy's role at Chappaquiddick might be a legitimate cause of concern to anyone; one of those who broke in at Watergate loudly proclaiming himself as an "anti-Communist"; irrelevant flashbacks to then House Minority Leader Gerald Ford announcing a vote at the 1972 convention (to make sure no one forgets that Ford knew Nixon), etc.

The picture portrays the newspaper reporters as a bunch of double-dealing con men who resort to such devices as persuading a girl to feign a reunion with her ex-boy friend for the purpose of getting him to steal a secret list from the Nixon campaign headquarters. Unfortunately, this stratagem was successful and the list was procured, thus causing us to suffer through what seemed like a half hour of ringing doorbells of people who refused to comment or turned out to be cases of mistaken identity. One refreshing response must

have gotten into the picture by mistake. It was that of a lady employed at the campaign headquarters, who stated that she believed in loyalty to people for whom she had chosen to work, and did not regard ratting on them to *The Washington Post* as consistent with that loyalty.

All of us who are concerned with the restoration of American strength and prestige before the world gets swallowed up by a phony détente were glad when the masochism of Watergate was at an end. If one has to be reminded of it, there must be a more interesting or unbiased way than that presented by *All the President's Men*. Perhaps they could have livened it up with an epilogue showing the 1976 reincarnation of Joe McCarthy, followed immediately by his lapsing back into a catatonic state on learning that Richard Nixon is living in exile at Mao Tse Tung's guest cottage.

Roy M. Cohn served as chief counsel to the Senate Investigating Committee under Sen. Joseph McCarthy in the 1950s. He is the author of *A Fool for a Client* (Hawthorn).

## FRANCES FITZGERALD

I suppose that this is the best film to be made about journalism in America. This may be more of a comment on the American film industry than anything else, for *All the President's Men* is not an ambitious movie. It is a piece from the mosaic of Watergate; its characters are fragmentary, and its "plot" a fairly simple suspense story polished by the experience of a hundred Hollywood films into a fine-paced brilliance. In spirit and to a great extent in fact it is faithful to the Woodward and Bernstein book, and this is the source of its virtue. For while the book is circumspect to a fault about the politics of the newspaper and the personalities involved, it tells an important story dramatically and without cliché.

Just imagine how bad *The Washington Post* story could have been had Hollywood tried to make it up! Hard-bitten editors chewing cigars, Woodward and Bernstein as the Sundance Kids, fancy camera work in the Oval Office and tarty-up Georgetown cocktail parties. But the film has only one fancy shot—an irresistibly pretty one from the top of the Library of Congress—and only a little overdone drama in the beginning and the end when the keys of the typewriter and teletype machines slamming down on paper imply that the pen is mightier than it is and *The Washington Post* was solely responsible for dismantling the conspiracy and saving the Constitution.

For the rest there is an extraordinary un-Hollywood modesty. Redford and Hoffman play two very young men who are confused half of the time, awed by what they are turning up and not immune to personal ambition and fear. Jason Robards playing the real hero of the film, the editor who makes the decision to go with the story in the face of Administration wrath, creates a character who is, if anything, rather less theatrical than *Post* editor Ben Bradlee himself. All three actors are best when they are playing the closest to the originals, for it is in observation rather than invention that the film takes on life.

Redford is perhaps too much of a star to play so far down: his personal style is so great that the youthful dishevelment of his bachelor apartment and his endless expressions of innocent surprise are difficult to believe. Less burdened by glamor, Hoffman and Robards have found a good deal to work, and though the conflicts of personality remain as elliptically drawn as they are in the book, they manage to suggest enough to give their characters interest as well as charm.

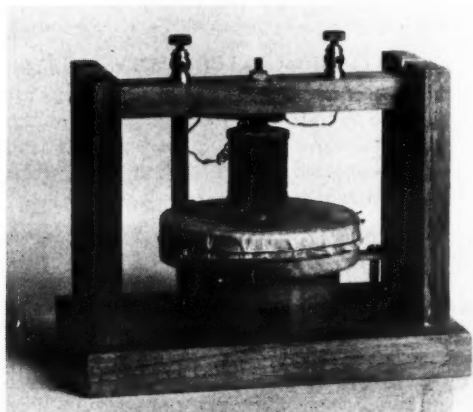
Nixon and Agnew are great on television as themselves. So well do they succeed in suspending disbelief that when the film ends with the implication of Haldeman, it is quite as tantalizing as the end of a soap on Friday: one cannot wait to find out what happens next. Will Redford one day give us a Watergate Part II? Let us hope so, for in this case—as perhaps in many others—truth is a good deal better than fiction.

Frances Fitzgerald is the author of *Fire In The Lake* (Little, Brown).

One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

# Now that you've invented how can you make it

Alexander Graham Bell's fingers were all thumbs in mechanical matters. He had a sensitive ear, an original mind, and a deep knowledge of speech and hearing. These assets enabled him to invent the telephone "mentally." But translating the concept into a working model required mechanical gifts he did not possess. And manufacturing telephones for use by the public posed still other problems.



Alexander Graham Bell's first telephone

To be fair, very few people had any experience fabricating electrical devices in 1873, when Bell began the investigations that led to the telephone. Samuel F.B. Morse's telegraph, invented in 1835, was the only important commercial use yet made of electricity. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was only 14 years old. Thomas Edison's electric light was still some years in the future.

In the United States, some of the most concentrated work on new applications of electricity was being done in the workshop of Charles Williams, Jr. at 109 Court Street, Boston. Inventors including Edison took their ideas to Williams, who translated them into working models—or more often, into models that did not work.

Bell sought Williams' aid in 1874. The helper assigned to him in January 1875 was Thomas A. Watson, aged 20. Bell was 27. The two complemented each other marvelously. Watson had his own sort of genius—for the practical business of putting together metal and wood and glass to form devices that would do what he wanted. The collab-

oration between the two men produced, on March 10, 1876, that famous first telephone call: "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you."

Bell foresaw a time when telephone service would link the cities of the world. But that required vast improvements in the telephone and in telephone connections. The newborn Bell Telephone Company set out to make those improvements. Watson hired two assistants, and began what would be called today a research and development program. He made the experimental phone sturdier, and devised a hand-cranked magneto to ring a bell. Williams began manufacturing Watson's designs. The invention's financial backers organized telephone companies in various cities, raised additional capital, and hired a General Manager, Theodore N. Vail.

By 1879 demand for telephones exceeded the capacity of Williams' shop. Manufacturers in Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Baltimore were licensed to make telephones under the Bell patents. More were needed. One company in Chicago had gained considerable expertise in making telegraph equipment. Years later, Watson reminisced, "When a piece of equipment built by Western Electric came into our shop...we always used to admire the superlative excellence of the workmanship." In 1881, Bell Telephone acquired a controlling interest in Western Electric, and in 1882 made that company the manufacturer of Bell equipment.

This arrangement was desirable for a number of reasons. Western Electric workmanship improved the quality of voice reproduction by telephone, a step essential to winning wide public acceptance of the new invention. It ensured reliability. When repairs were needed, standardized parts from Western Electric made for speedy restoration of service. A fourth advantage concerned the evolving nationwide network: a single manufacturer could see to it that



Thomas A. Watson

telephone equipment throughout the country would work together compatibly, thus assuring the "interconnectedness" of the network—its capability of connecting any two phones.

The Engineering Department of Western Electric joined in the search for telephone improvements. Managers of local companies made suggestions based on day-to-day experience with customers. Outside inventors worked out refinements. Bell Telephone management weighed all the ideas, in terms of value to customers and practicality in manufacture. The best ideas were incorporated into the phones being made.

Organizational "feedback"—the subtle flow of engineering information and understanding within a technologically oriented enterprise—was a novel concept in those days. But the young telephone industry had already achieved a union of the successive stages of effort essential to the development of a coherent telephone system. Today Bell Laboratories is responsible for research and development. Western Electric looks for—and finds—better ways to make things. The 23 regional Bell companies provide telephone service and report back their needs and the needs of their customers. And American Telephone and Telegraph Company management provides overall coordination and guidance. Some of the names



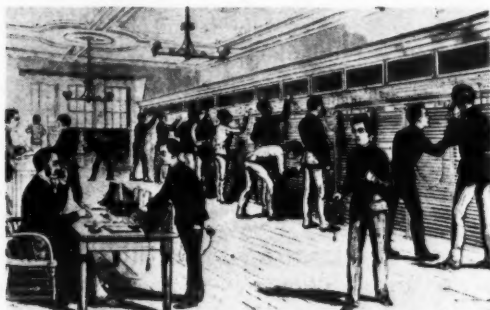
The Western Electric Manufacturing Co., Chicago 1881

are different, but the functions had been established by 1882.

Vertical integration is one name economists give to this form of corporate organization. In a typical case, raw materials change to finished product with successive stages of manufacture integrated under one

# the telephone, Professor Bell, so people can afford it?

company. For example, a printing company might own paper mills and even its own forests. But there is a difference, because the Bell company was not, and is not, primarily a manufacturer of products. From the beginning, the partners in the enterprise—whether engaged in invention or manufacture or operations—sold telephone service, not telephone equipment.



Young men manually connecting phone calls in 1879

For instance, there was the fundamental item of connecting the lines of two subscribers who wanted to talk. This was handled in central offices by a corps of operators, using cords, plugs and jacks. Setting up a call could take as long as seven minutes. In 1884, Ezra T. Gilliland, working for the Bell company, devised a mechanical system that would allow a subscriber to reach up to 15 lines without the help of an operator. In 1891, Almon B. Strowger, a Kansas City undertaker, patented a dial machine constructed in a round collar box. It connected up to 99 lines. But the big city offices already handled thousands of lines, and the numbers were growing rapidly. The connection problem was growing much more rapidly, because of some basic geometry: it takes one line to interconnect two telephones, three lines for three telephones, six lines for four, 28 lines for eight, and 4,851 lines for 99 telephones. In connections, added telephones were just the opposite of "cheaper by the dozen."

The Bell company set out to develop a machine that would connect any of 10,000 telephones—49,995,000 possible connections. The search was costly, but necessary for continued good service, and the various parts of the company joined to pursue it to a successful conclusion. (Today in the United

States a telephone can be connected to any of 140 million others. There are 10 quadrillion—10 million billion—possible connections.)

There was also the problem of financing the nationwide conversion of central offices to dial. Service improvements on the scale required are enormously expensive—so expensive as to be impossible without the most careful attention to economy. Here again the integrated corporate structure shows its values. Western Electric, because its prime objective is to benefit telephone service, has become a world champion in cost control, and a pacesetter in the improvement of productivity. Data issued by the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics show that overall the productivity of the telephone industry has increased by 50% since 1965. That is two and a half times the productivity increase in the United States economy as a whole.

Savings of that sort continue, as a recent example shows. Bell scientists, building on the semiconductor research that helped them invent the transistor, also aided in the development of the light-emitting diode or LED. These solid-state lamps, now familiar as displays in pocket calculators and watches, can replace incandescent lamps in many pieces of telephone equipment. They will last the lifetime of the phone, operate with much less electrical power, and help hold down the cost of installation and maintenance. Over the next five years, LEDs should save the Bell System about \$120 million. Bell Labs semiconductor research also resulted in the invention of another solid-state light source, the tiny semiconductor laser.

Future uses of these solid-state light sources may be even more important than today's. They will almost certainly be used in systems transmitting telephone calls and other communications over lightwaves. Lightwave communications could mean an enormous increase in the capacity of the phone network, making it possible to meet the need for increased call volumes and new communications services economically in the years ahead. And to do it while conserv-

ing energy and scarce raw materials.

Innovation, productivity, advance planning—all mean improved service and reasonable costs. And in the telephone industry, cost savings benefit not only shareholders; they are passed along to the public as well.

In the decade 1965-1975, the cost of living rose 74%. Telephone rates for local service went up only 40%. And interstate long distance rates went up about 4%. Now 95% of all American homes have telephones. The quality of the service is the envy of the world.

Numerous studies have been made of the role of the Bell organizational structure in achieving those results. One of the most recent, concluded in 1974, was made by the independent auditing and management consulting firm of Touche, Ross & Co.,



For the nation's future communications needs, Bell engineers are today developing systems to transmit telephone calls on lightwaves.

acting as consultants for the staff of the Federal Communications Commission. According to their report:

"Western Electric's efficient performance has resulted in lower costs than otherwise would have been incurred. Because of Western's pricing policies and practices, these lower costs have not increased profits, but have been passed on to operating companies in the form of lower prices...The effect of the interrelationship between Bell and Western Electric is to operate Western, not as a manufacturing concern, but as an integral part of a vertically integrated communications firm. These interrelationships result in a favorable impact upon Western's costs, prices and service to operating companies."

The best telephone service in the world didn't just happen. It was planned that way.

One Bell System. It works.



Bell System

# The Gospel According To Mobil

BY GERALD ASTOR

When Nathan Detroit shot craps with Big Jule in *Guys & Dolls*, the latter rolled the dice in his hat, took a discreet peek, and said his point was nine. Big Jule then scrambled the dice in his hat again, announced that he'd made his point and scooped up his money—leaving Nathan to ask, "Tell me, didja make it the hard way?"

Getting at the facts in the energy business is like shooting craps with Big Jule. So deftly do the energy companies hold the hat, in fact, that even the Federal regulatory agencies rely on the firms they're supposed to regulate for the bulk of their statistics. As one result, even the most knowledgeable critics of the industry can't always agree on the numbers. Writing in *The New Yorker* recently, environmentalist Barry Commoner argued that the figures for onshore oil reserves grossly underestimate what lies underground. "He is essentially out of tune with the latest findings of the U.S. Geological Survey," counters S. David Freeman, who served as director of the Energy Policy Project funded by the Ford Foundation. "The oil companies may be playing a lot of short-term poker, sitting on what they've got; but the long-term prognosis is that the oil isn't there."

Who to believe? Well, what the hell, why not take the word of the Mobil Oil Corporation? The week of Aug. 22, 1974, it placed an ad in 73 newspapers headlined: "Let's get our oil off the shelf." The copy read, in part:

The course likely to give us greatest relief during the next decade or so is to find more domestic oil and gas . . . Our search must go wherever the best geological clues lead. They lead out to sea. Geologists say the best hunting ground now is the Outer Continental Shelf beyond our coasts . . . The need to find petroleum close to home and less susceptible to foreign control is urgent.

Propaganda loves confusion. And as even the most casual newspaper and magazine reader knows, Mobil has moved with skill and efficiency to exploit the tangled web of "facts" in which the energy debate is caught. While its six big sisters in the oil industry have fumed over their treatment by the press and burrowed deeper into their boardrooms, Mobil has gone public with an almost studiously good-natured media blitz. "There's no way we can measure what we've accomplished with the program we've been following over the past five years," said Mobil chairman Rawleigh Warner, Jr., upon receiving *Advertising Age's* "Adman of the Year" award last December. "But I do know that if we hadn't done it we would have left all the media to our critics. And I have to assume we'd be worse off today. Somebody had to answer, and that's what we've tried to do."

In doing it, Mobil almost always keeps its cool. But in early March, the company rushed identical full-page advertisements into *The Wall Street Journal*, *The New York Times* and the *New York Daily News* that asked: "What ever happened to fair play?" This uncharacteristic yelp of pain was triggered by a five-part series Feb. 23-27 on New York's WNBC-TV that explored the forces that dictate the price of gasoline. Castigating the station's reporter, Liz Trotta, Mobil called the series a "parade of warmed-over distortions, half-truths, and downright untruths. . ." The copy was decorated with 17 hatchets, each one taking a chop at WNBC-TV's reporting. For example:

**HATCHET JOB:** Ms. Trotta said that a Mobil dealer claimed he was promised \$25,000 to sell Mobil gasoline but the company never came up with the money or signed the contract.

**FACT:** Mobil never made such an offer. The money in question was the amount the dealer said competing companies offered him to join them in

**Propaganda loves confusion. And Mobil has moved with skill and efficiency to exploit the tangled web of 'facts' in which the energy debate is caught—most recently in a head-on collision with New York's WNBC-TV.**

1973. (How's that for competition, Ms. Trotta?) In any event, Mobil specifically told him that we had no intention of meeting these offers and that he was free to accept them. The dealer didn't. Moreover, in 1975, he accepted a new Mobil contract, and just recently, that contract was renewed.

On March 1, Mobil asked WNBC-TV if the company could buy 30 minutes of time to respond to the Trotta series. The station said no deal. Instead, it offered to let a Mobil spokesman make a short reply on the news program followed by some questions from Trotta. Mobil said no deal. In a telegram to the station, the firm argued that "it would be impossible for Mobil to compress its response into a short statement of a few minutes in reply to five nights of one-sided editorializing totaling some 36 minutes."

This matter of access is one of Mobil's favorite themes. On March 5, the day the hatchet ad ran large in the *Times*, the company also served up a smaller, less passionate pitch on the paper's Op-Ed page. "We recognize that the structure of TV and radio news and documentaries is not satisfactory for handling complex material or long stories," it read. "But this is no justification for failing to provide suitable access for correction of errors caused by this structure."\* Such sweet

\*The full advertisement appears on the back page, as one of Mobil's regular paid insertions in [MORE].



Herb Schmertz, quarterback of Mobil's extensive issue-oriented ad campaign, says he's just interested in access: "I don't want to influence the media. I just want to participate."

reasonableness is not altogether persuasive, however, as we shall see when we return to Mobil's collision with Trotta and its frustrations with television in general.

**M**obil launched its advertising campaign in 1970 when *The New York Times* began selling corporate advertisers the lower right-hand corner of its Op-Ed page. Starting on an occasional basis late that year, Mobil increased its frequency the next year and by 1972 was a regular visitor, usually on Thursdays. Not long thereafter, the company began bestowing its favors on other papers, and the weekly op-ed pitch eventually reached a peak of appearances in more than 100 dailies across the country.

Indeed, since the 1973 oil "shortages," Mobil has placed no product advertising (though later this year the company plans to begin pushing Mobil 1, a synthetic oil for cars). In 1975, Mobil spent \$14 million on all advertising. Other oil companies spent millions, too; Shell, for example, budgeted \$9 million alone for Bicentennial minutes on CBS in 1975-76. But only Mobil made an intensive effort in issue-oriented advertising—what Mort Sahl used to call the you-say-imperialism-I-say-we-brought-roads-and-schools approach. To get across its messages, the company doled out \$5 million for space in newspapers and magazines and gladly would have spent thousands of additional dollars on television had broadcasters been willing to accommodate the barrage.

Most of the Mobil hierarchy have their hands in the campaign at one time or another, but the chief and most visible player is Herb Schmertz. A 45-year-old lawyer who joined the company in 1966 and is now vice president for public affairs, Schmertz is an affable front man mildly affectionate toward sports and cigars. As for journalists, he protests: "My best friends are reporters. They have a dreadfully difficult job. They're not adequately supported by staff and research. The editing process drops out important things while leaving in gossip items that distort what is really happening. By our campaign we're doing them a favor, just as they do us a favor by watching us."

Mobil's op-ed favors come in four flavors, two of which are mostly vanilla: "public service" ads and pleas to conserve energy and drive safely. In the first category, "Help wanted, urgent" sought funds for the New York Public Library; "Fight decay, get a check up" did likewise for the Urban Coalition; "He was discharged from his last job" urged employment of Vietnam veterans. Also as a public service, the company constantly reminds us that Alistair Cooke will be coming our way with *Upstairs, Downstairs* and other British entertainments on Masterpiece Theater, which is made possible by a grant from the Mobil Oil Corporation. As for safe driving and energy conservation, Mobil is four-square behind both.

Flavors three and four have slightly more zip. The third category dips into what Mobil calls "a broad socio-economic field dealing with such subjects as technology in general, conservation efforts, and similar broad topics." "Our product is prehistoric, we try not to be," was a kind of personal tub thumper, the standard tune of corporate responsibility. "Life, liberty, and where do we go from here?" listed some commonly accepted national goals—"Plenty of jobs," "Adequate education," "Equal opportunity," and added some future targets: "Improved mass transit," "Balanced growth" and "A national energy policy."

The fourth set of messages openly discusses gut issues for Mobil and the industry. "If we tell you oil companies don't make enough profit, you'll have a fit. Oil companies don't make enough profit. Sorry." The copy detailed the growing gap between demand for petroleum products and profits,

Gerald Astor is a former senior editor of *Look* magazine and the author of several books, most recently *Hot Paper* (Saturday Review Press), which deals with the 1969 theft of \$13 million in treasury bills from New York's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co.

## FIGHT DECAY

Urban decay.  
Your check to the New York Urban Coalition will do it.  
The Coalition tries to solve problems that eat away at our city:  
problems of housing, health, education, minority economic develop-  
ment, minority employment.  
Look what the Coalition has done about minority jobs:  
More than 20,000 New Yorkers have found steady work through  
the efforts of Coalition JOBS. The total should hit 30,000 by summer.  
And we're talking about good jobs, with genuine potential and  
decent salaries.  
The New York Urban Coalition is a partnership of people from  
business, labor, and the minority communities. Thousands of New  
Yorkers need the Coalition's help. The Coalition needs yours.

Please join us in support of the New York Urban Coalition. Just mail a check-fighting check now, with the coupon.

### get a check up

To: New York Urban Coalition, Fund Development Dept.  
70 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

Enclosed is \$\_\_\_\_\_ Please use it to fight decay in New York City.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Contributions are tax deductible.

**Mobil**

## Year of Energy Action

At long last, America is beginning to move on energy. After more than a year of talking and temporizing, concrete proposals are beginning to be heard from Washington. Some make more sense than others. Most call on Americans to make sacrifices.

Each of us will pay more for the energy to go places, stay warm, grow food, and keep jobs from disappearing. Everyone will be asked to conserve and cut down, and failing to do so will pinch in the pocket-book.

Is energy conservation worth the effort? Certainly.

• If conservation measures are judicious. (Cutting out fat without damaging the economy's muscle.)

• If government moves simultaneously to increase domestic energy sources, so austerity does not become a permanent way of life. (This means opening areas of the Atlantic and Pacific to the search for oil and gas, mining more coal, and speeding construction of nuclear power plants, which, in turn, means a sensible balancing of energy needs with environmental aspirations.)

• If Congress recognizes that the

best spur to the development of new energy sources is the incentive to do so. (Which means letting business earn a reasonable profit on the capital it invests. This has not been the case for more than 20 years in the natural gas industry, for example, where wellhead price regulation has been the prime cause of today's critical shortage.)

• If Washington treats alternate sources of energy realistically. (They're promising, but unlikely to be viable pending years of research and development costing billions of dollars.)

• If Congress moves to establish a National Master Transportation Program. (To move people more efficiently.)

For a sensible energy program to cut through the obstructionism that frustrated energy planners last year, America must maintain the get-on-with-it attitude of recent days. Building momentum. Getting action.

And action now. Which is why, in the weeks ahead, we'll be beating the drums. To make 1975 the Year of Energy Action. (YEA '75) To give America something to cheer about.

**Mobil**



## Nine o'clock scholar

Sunday evening at nine, a Victorian classic becomes thoroughly engaging television when the Masterpiece Theatre dramatization of Tom Brown's School Days begins on PBS, Channel 13 in New York.

The story, as you probably know, deals with a young boy's adventures during his first years at Rugby in the 1820s. A top hat and frock coat are the classroom costume, but don't let that fool you. The curriculum is plenty tough, and so is the ragging by upper-formers.

Tom takes a lot from that bully Flashman. He's a plucky tyke, though. He perseveres. And, needless to say, he winds up the better man for it.

Tom Brown's School Days is fine entertainment, produced with the regard for quality that continues to set these Masterpiece Theatre productions apart from so much other television.

We share that regard. We've been getting high marks for quality these past 106 years ourselves.

See truth and bravery triumph. See Tom Brown win out. Be in your seat, and quiet, when the bell rings on Sunday at nine.

**Mobil**

## The profit's the cheapest part of the product

The least costly part of what you pay for a product is generally the maker's profit.

Why?

Because through that profit, which averages out to far less than most people think, you have a person who watches the maker's costs of doing business.

How so?

Since competition and supply and demand dictate prices, a businessman often finds the only way he can improve his profit margin—or earn any profit at all—is by reducing his costs to the minimum. This is the area he has the most control over, and one he must control to make a profit.

It is profit that brings out supply. Any indication that profits are abnormally high tends to attract substantial new production capacity. This, of course, increases the supply. That, in turn, tends to lower the price.

Is the system infallible? Does it always work exactly that way? Certainly not. But that's the basic thrust of the system, which is still the best mankind has been able to devise to serve the greatest good of the greatest number.

The beauty of the free-market system is its capacity for ceaseless change. It adapts to a changing world without destroying its own basic dynamic in the process. All that's needed to introduce immediate malfunctions is a body of regulations imposed from without.

This is not to argue for 19th-century laissez-faire. On the contrary. Our world is too complex, too interdependent, too fragile if you will, for that. What we are to this. Many govern-

ment social programs (Social Security and Medicare, to name only two) are very good things. But government intervention in the free-market mechanism for allocating economic resources is purely and simply counterproductive. The free market itself does it best.

We have learned over the years that regulation tends to produce shortages. Witness the Federal Power Commission's fiasco with natural gas over the past 20 years. The result is just what we and others need all along: it would be a severe, growing, government-made shortage of this fuel.

Despite this hard experience, the emergence of any new shortage almost invariably brings cries for government regulation of one sort or another. Unfortunately, this is likely to worsen the very shortage it is instituted to remedy.

The problem is that "regulation" is an emotionally loaded word. To many it connotes some sort of fairness, a shield against exploitation, in the interest of the ordinary citizen. If therefore makes a is the last refuge of a scoundrel, as Dr. Johnson pointed out two centuries ago, then regulation may be the first resort of a demagogue.

It's wondrous to observe how politicians can get away with continuing to prescribe the very medicine that gave the patient the disease in the first place.

We as a people should be mature enough by now to base our approach to any thought of additional regulation squarely on what experience shows us to be. Not on the sort of wishful thinking that has too often prevailed in the past.

**Mobil**

## Observations

**Shark-bait.** The terrifying motion picture "Jaws" probably caused millions of Americans to scan the oceans apprehensively before venturing into the water last summer. But the truth is that even death by bee sting is more likely than being eaten by a shark. An estimated 120 Americans were killed last year by lightning, yet worldwide there were no more than 50 recorded attacks by sharks, and less than a third of these attacks were fatal.

As oil people, we sympathize with the owners of beach cottages, hotels and water-ski shops who suffered from the "Jaws" exaggerations. We know from experience how quickly movies, TV and the press can establish fiction as fact—and how hard it is to correct the damage to one's reputation from untruths. A sample of the problem:

We were "Jawed" by Jack Anderson. Oil company profits, said this columnist recently, are "more fabulous than the ni-



## Mobil's Media Gusher

to the detriment of the latter. "5.6 cents is not enough" pointed out that Mobil made less on its assets than if it had converted them into high-yield government securities. Be that as it may, Mobil's net income (after taxes) for 1975 was \$815.1 million on revenues of almost \$21 billion. Whether that is "enough," and for whom, is doubtless a question that could fuel several hot arguments. One thing, certainly, is clear: \$5 million for issue-oriented advertising buys a lot of messages for a very small percentage of net profits—six-tenths of one per cent.

Possibly on the ground that "opinion leaders" don't read 100-plus newspapers, Mobil has now cut back its op-ed series to seven: the *Times*, *The Boston Globe*, *The Washington Post*, *The Washington Star*, *The Chicago Tribune*, *The Los Angeles Times* and *The Wall Street Journal*. But a new entry, "Observations," now runs in the *Times* and 139 other dailies. Written in an amiable, no-hard-feelings style, each "Observations" column carries around half a dozen one-paragraph items leavened by cartoons or drawings. One of the first columns noted how the film *Jaws* scared people away from beaches, and noted that death by bee sting was statistically more likely than becoming a snack for a shark. Then the point:

As oil people we sympathize with the owners of beach cottages, hotels and water ski shops who suffered from "Jaws" exaggerations. We know from experience how quickly movies, TV and the press can establish fiction as fact—and how hard it is to correct the damage to one's reputation from untruths . . . Most critics aren't sharks, of course. We know that. And nobody's perfect, including oil companies. But while we recognize our critics' right to chew us out when we're wrong, we do wish they'd stick to the facts.

As an example, the column pointed out that Mobil had been "Jawed" by Jack Anderson, who overstated the company's 1974 net profits by "more than \$2.5 billion." (The columnist corrected the mistake three months later.)

Along with the op-ed and "Observations" series, Mobil occasionally springs for a special pitch, like a 10-part series pushing a national energy policy or a spread replying to suggestions that the company was tardy in recognizing the shortage of energy supplies. And last year, after the Oct. 19 *Times Book Review* carried a page-one, favorable review of *The Seven Sisters*, Anthony Sampson's critical book on how the large oil companies operate, Mobil bought space to reply. On Nov. 23, the company reprinted a negative review of the book that originally had appeared in Britain's *The Petroleum Economist*.

**M**obil would love to bring its campaign to television. But the company discovered early on that even all its money couldn't make the networks budge. Schmertz complains, accurately, that the networks reserve unto themselves the exclusive right to produce news and public affairs programs, and they refuse to air commercials they deem controversial—because they say the fairness doctrine leaves them vulnerable to demanded replies. Thus, a wounded oil company has no way to get its message onto the air—and, not surprisingly, Mobil feels wounded.

In the winter of 1972-73, Mobil chairman Warner lunched with Walter Cronkite at CBS's invitation and spent three hours with reporters and camera crews. Warner complains that "the raw material was cut and edited by people we never saw . . . and to whom, I can only surmise, fairness did not seem an overriding preoccupation." And when ABC's "Closeup" documentary series took a look at the energy crisis on March 20, 1974, Mobil was so outraged that it filed a 22-page complaint with the National News Council.

Examination of the bill of particulars indicates that "unfair," which is largely a matter of opinion, dominates Mobil's objections. For example, the show reported that the 1911 breakup of the Standard Oil Trust did not eliminate the potential for restriction of competition. Mobil argued, "We believe the breakup significantly helped to in-

crease competition." As evidence, the company cited the period of 1967-73, when the price of gasoline increased much less than all other consumer prices. But the disparity isn't necessarily tied to competition in gasoline. Many factors—government expenditures, tariffs, weather, shifts in taste—all could play roles in both indices. The documentary also reported, "Today the petroleum industry is dominated by 18 integrated companies. . . ." Mobil responded, "Even if the oil industry were dominated by 18 companies it would still be one of the least concentrated industries in the country. The oil industry is much less concentrated than autos, steel, computers." The question, however, isn't which industry suffers from greater concentration of ownership, but how, within a particular industry, concentration affects prices and supplies.

One notable factual error in the ABC "Closeup" came from an interview with Sen. Henry Jackson. He remarked that oil companies

credit their foreign taxes against their U.S. levies. He was wrong. The limitations of the I.R.S. permit U.S. taxpayers of any kind, from individuals to multinationals, to deduct foreign taxes on income earned outside the U.S. from any U.S. taxes due on such earnings. But foreign tax credits cannot be used as a credit against taxes on income earned in the U.S. The mistake by ABC is, of course, a common one among journalists; they accept statements of people in authority without bothering to verify them.

The grievance committee of the News Council awarded Mobil token satisfaction. It didn't even investigate the bill of particulars, but scolded ABC only for having advertised the energy show as having been executed from every point of view. The NNC emphasized that ABC was not under any obligation to provide a scrupulously balanced presentation in a single program, and noted: "The Council believes that ABC and other networks should be encouraged to take forthright stands on

controversial subjects."

That, however, left Mobil with an itch. For the company felt that nothing remotely like another viewpoint of the energy crisis appeared. In the absence of such, Mobil decided to try to produce a kind of electronic op-ed series. After the Cronkite show, Rawleigh Warner had written to Frank Stanton asking that CBS permit Mobil to buy commercial time in which to explain its side of the energy story. Speaking for CBS, from which he was then retiring, Stanton replied: "A policy which put all air time on the open market would be disastrous, allow a company or a cause with the largest purse the greatest opportunity to reach the American public." Stanton offered tepid comfort. "The CBS policy of not selling time for the presentation of viewpoints on controversial issues is followed in an even-handed manner. While CBS will not sell to Mobil, it will also not sell to critics of Mobil."

In spite of this rejection, Mobil tried again with a subtler approach. It managed to get NBC and CBS to accept commercials that told of the company's large investment in offshore leases. ABC turned the material down on the grounds that it was too controversial. Both CBS and ABC rejected another commercial which stated, "According to the U.S. Geological Survey, there may be 60 billion barrels of oil or more beneath our continental shelves. Some people say we should not be drilling for that oil and gas. Others say we shouldn't because of the possible environmental risks. We'd like to know what you think." The closeout asked viewers to write to Mobil with their opinions. After NBC ran the commercial, Mobil received some 2,500 letters, about 80 per cent of which thought the company should have access to television; a similar percentage voted for offshore exploration. CBS and ABC refused to air the poll commercial because of its controversial nature and a policy against on-air polls by advertisers. Both networks felt that broadcasting the spot would obligate them to provide time for a response.

Mobil tried to circumvent this barrier with an offer to pay for any rebuttal ads, leaving the networks with full power to determine whether such a reply was necessary and who was qualified to make it. Neither ABC nor CBS nibbled the bait. A CBS executive said, "It would open up for discussion only those ideas and causes that have money behind them. It wouldn't be fair for only the big business people to be able to present matters that concern them. Why should the little guy with legitimate concerns be shut out? We'd also be in the untenable position of having to select the spokesman for the so-called other side. But the opposition may come from a dozen different viewpoints, not one."

"We must develop some system that allows greater access to broadcasting," says Schmertz. "I feel the same way about access for entertainment programs also. Why must the control be vested in one organization for seven days a week, 24 hours a day for the entire year? Why should entertainment always be geared to the largest possible audience? Is all of the public being served by prime-time programming that we see? I don't want to influence the media. I just want to participate."

Access, of course, is an important issue. But is Mobil really serious about it? Tom Asher, who ran the public-interest Media Access Project in 1974, struck up an acquaintance with Schmertz after both appeared on debates about the fairness doctrine. "My feeling," says Asher, "was that there should be no censorship of political ads and Schmertz was taking the position that you ought to be allowed to pay for issue advertising and if necessary put up the money for the opposition view. I tried to get Schmertz to turn the Mobil newspaper ads into a debate, with both sides of the issues presented. Schmertz hired me as a consultant to set up conferences with other public interest people where a common strategy might be worked out. Mobil didn't put any restraints on me as a consultant. I was free to criticize their views

## The Genius Of Public Relations

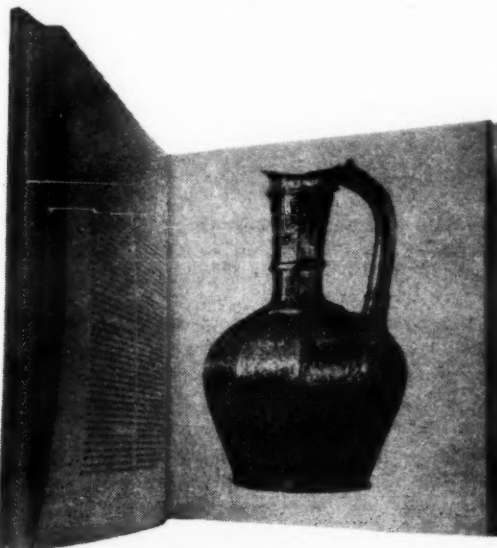
In January, New York University Press published *The Genius of Arab Civilization*, a handsome, \$45 coffee-table book boasting a text by distinguished Arabists and crammed with 86 full-color illustrations. Like so much else these days, it was brought to us by the Mobil Oil Corporation. Why the link-up between the oil company and NYU press? The former says it's simply a matter of good public relations, the latter says it's a matter of survival.

For *The Genius Of Arab Civilization*, NYU Press is paying 15 per cent royalties to Mobil on the retail price of the book, or \$6.75. Thanks to Mobil, NYU managed to publish the book at minimal expense. Mobil arranged to have it printed in England and paid for a press run of 11,200 copies. Then Mobil sold NYU 4,000 copies at a preferred rate. Mobil kept 4,000 books to distribute itself, and the balance is being distributed in England under the Phaidon imprint. Of the oil company's portion, affiliates have ordered perhaps 3,000 copies. Mobil says all royalty money (beyond agent's commission) will be put to some philanthropic use. Mobil has been practicing such public relations since the mid-sixties, having put out books on Nigeria, Japan, Greece and Turkey, among other countries. In addition, the oil company recently sponsored an exhibition called "Art of the Arab World" at the Smithsonian Institution. *New York Times* art critic John Canaday said the catalogue was the best he had seen. "Art of the Arab World," he noted in his review, was made possible by Mobil. "They—or we—got their money's worth," he concluded.

John R. Hayes, the editor of *The Genius of Arab Civilization*, says the idea for the book came from Mobil's Middle East department about two years ago because "books were one of our standard public relations instruments at that time." They remain so, the editor explains, because "it's one way of demonstrating interest, concern and good will for the area in which we operate in terms of basic cultural values." Although the book's foreword mentions Mobil's role, it does not tell us that editor Hayes is also Mobil's coordinator of Middle East relations.

Johnson, who joined NYU Press as director in August 1973 expressly to haul it out of the red, was told then that he had two years to break even. "If we started this book from the beginning," Johnson says, "it would have cost us much, much more." He adds that the 15 per cent royalty payment doesn't begin to cover the oil company's costs. "That's where we're getting a very good break. We would never otherwise consider undertaking a book of this kind."

Johnson submitted the book, when in galleys, to his advisory board, which found no fault with the scholarship. "If they had quar-



reled with any part for accuracy or substance, we would have paid attention to it because it would have been expert opinion," Hayes says. But essentially, like a book whose subsidiary rights are purchased, NYU Press was buying a finished product. "Our option was to take it as it was," Johnson says.

Mobil consulted a number of prominent Arabists about what the volume should contain, dispatched a photographer to the Middle East and commissioned a notable collection of writers. Among them were John Stothoff Badeau, a former U.S. ambassador to the United Arab Republic who is now a professor emeritus at Columbia and Georgetown, and Sami K. Hamarneh, a Smithsonian historian. They say Mobil gave them a free hand for the sake of scholarly excellence. "If I was at any time under the feeling that these people are trying to capitalize on a few people who know about the culture for their own end, I wouldn't have done it," Hamarneh says. "Certainly it is a display of Mobil's interest in the Arab world—there's no doubt about it," says Badeau. But, he adds, *The Genius of Arab Civilization* is "scholarly in the sense that the conclusions are dependable."

What Mobil wanted was a book that would be more than a company handout, a book that Johnson acknowledges unquestionably paints a favorable image of Arabs in a particular period, the seventh to fourteenth centuries. "It can't help but create a favorable image of at least a particular period in Arab civilization," he says. "But the scholarship is impeccable. . . . It is good scholarship, not propaganda."

—MALCOLM CARTER

and I was not an advocate of their positions. I pushed very hard on the debate form of ad, but Schmertz backed off. I don't know whether he got cold feet or whether the higher ups vetoed the concept."

Asher's successor at the Media Access Project, Harvey Shulman, is openly critical of Mobil's posture. "Mobil is projecting a public image as an open, debating oil company that is willing to discuss the issues with anyone. There has been a lot of words, but no action." Schmertz replies, somewhat lamely, that at least Mobil has brought the access issue out into the open. And he even insists that the proposal for print debates isn't dead. But while the notion may be biologically alive it seems to have the flat brain wave of an idea whose time never comes.

**M**obil's angry advertising attack on Liz Trotta's gasoline pricing series only clouded its position on access further. "In fairness to WNBC-TV," the hatchet ad conceded,

we will say that they asked to interview a Mobil spokesman . . . In fairness to ourselves, we didn't participate. Experience has shown us how what we say on pre-recorded TV, as contrasted to live, is edited out or watered down. And the treatment accorded to the oil people who did appear makes us doubly glad we weren't there.

Few subjects, of course, are ever altogether happy with the way they are treated by journalists—print or electronic. But a refusal to participate in the process is hardly likely to improve the odds that one's story will get across, at least in part. Nor is Mobil's demand for air time all its own reasonable. The designated hitter may be okay for baseball (to use an image sports fan Herb Schmertz should like), but in the access game you just can't get up there and swing; you must also field what's hit at you by the other players.

How sharp were Liz Trotta's hits. Not very, insists Mobil's hatchet ad. But a reading of her scripts shows that most of the company's complaints fall more in the area of interpretation than anything else, much like Mobil's attack on the 1974 ABC "Close-up" documentary. To wit: Are oil company profits too high? Would divestiture be good for the consumer? Not that Trotta scored every time. She goofed badly when she referred to "the rather vague circumstances that surrounded the Arab oil embargo in 1973." The reasons may have been hazy then, but there is little excuse to use "vague" now. She also said that at the time of the embargo "there were reports that tankers loaded with millions of gallons of oil were waiting offshore . . ." Shots of tankers at sea followed. The implication was clear: the tankers were lying off the coast waiting for prices to rise. Trotta never reported that the rumors were false. All the item did was give Mobil a chance to yell foul.

On the other hand, the hatchet ad referred to a group headed by Paul Newman that favors divestiture. "But do Americans really want energy policy made in Hollywood?" asked Mobil. Actor Newman, however, was not featured in the WNBC-TV series. Trotta interviewed James Flug, a Washington lawyer who was described as guiding the group. Trotta said it wanted to have "energy policy made in Washington instead of the Houston Oil Club." The use of "Hollywood" was a little hatchet job all Mobil's own.

What exercised Mobil most, undoubtedly, was the interview with Frank Burke, a gas station operator who claimed the company reneged on a promise to pay him \$25,000 cash for selling their gas. Mobil denied in the ad it ever made such a pledge. Trotta did not check out Burke's allegations with Mobil. "There was nobody to ask at Mobil," she says. "I never could get through to anybody in authority there, and I wasn't going to bother with some low-level P.R. person." Nor did she ask representatives at other oil companies about the complaints of several more service station operators. However, she had advised the executives who appeared on the show that such charges from service station proprietors would be air-

Why didn't Trotta press company officials



After Liz Trotta (above) recently presented a five-part series on gasoline price factors on WNBC-TV, Mobil took out full-page ads in The New York Times and Wall Street Journal accusing Trotta and the station of a hatchet job. Mobil also included a few hatchets of its own.

about the specific claims of the gas pumpers? Surely her full-time researcher on the series, which was three months in preparation, could have learned that Rawleigh Warner, Jr. was Mobil's leader. A phone call to his office, announcing that WNBC-TV would carry a charge that the company had cheated a man out of \$25,000, should have brought an answer from Warner or Schmertz. And if they ignored the call, then Trotta could still have announced on the series that Mobil had refused to reply. But because Trotta did not try to get a defense, Mobil could run an ad that fudges the issue with an announcement that Burke had signed up again with Mobil. That could mean that Burke simply has to make a living.

One could go on dissecting the collision between Mobil and WNBC-TV, and doubtless further holes could be poked in Trotta's reporting and the company's response to it. And that may be exactly what Mobil would like. Because focusing on that battle—and on the specifics of the advertising campaign in general—ignores the much larger achievement of Mobil's media blitz. By going public five years ago, the company has played a singular role in setting the narrow parameters of debate over energy policy in the U.S. The Gospel According to Mobil would have us believe that the main issues are domestic vs. foreign oil, size of profits, divestiture, offshore drilling, even access to the airwaves. All are important, of course. But they hardly get to the heart of the matter: serious discussion of what the nation's long-range energy policy should be. In fairness, the press has pretty much left the discussion to Mobil. Trotta's series is typical, consumer-oriented dramatic reporting that misses the real issues.

Central to any serious discussion, to take just one example, is solar power. Both the Energy Policy Project of the Ford Foundation and Barry Commoner (in his recent *New Yorker* series) call for reduced use of domestic, on-shore fossil fuel until such power could be developed through a massive man-on-the-moon-in-10-years government program. (Neither David Freeman, who ran the EPP for Ford, nor Commoner favors allowing the energy companies a piece of the solar action.) The conservation scenario asks that Americans forego their petroleum-guzzling cars for public transportation. The chemical industry, which Commoner describes as the largest consumer of energy, would be curtailed—mandating, for example, a return to cotton textiles instead of synthetics. Paper, bottles

and cans would be systematically recycled.

Clearly, a serious commitment to the development of solar power—or any other "radical" energy source—means major job dislocations and fundamental alterations in how Americans live—especially the middle-class. Herb Schmertz thinks that once the public recognizes the implications of the conservation scenario it won't accept the necessary sacrifices. And perhaps he is right. Certainly journalists, most of whom are aggressively middle-class, show few signs that they are willing to abandon their cars or go without air-conditioning. But if the nation wants to turn its back on the hard choices, at least it should do so after the fullest debate in the media—a debate governed much less by the pronouncements of the Mobil Oil Corporation.

As Commoner points out, the difficulty with leaving decisions in the hands of private enterprise is that social needs intersect with corporate goals only by rare accident. As our natural resources grow more scarce, it seems utter folly to pin our energy hopes on some happy coincidence of corporate and public interest.

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Don't miss an issue. Move [MORE] with you by attaching the mailing label from this issue of [MORE] here:

(old mailing label)

and printing your NEW address here:

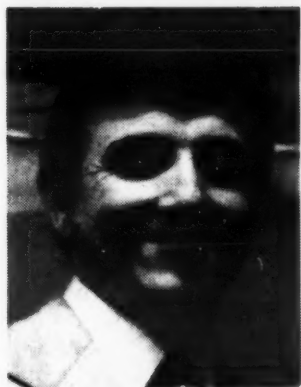
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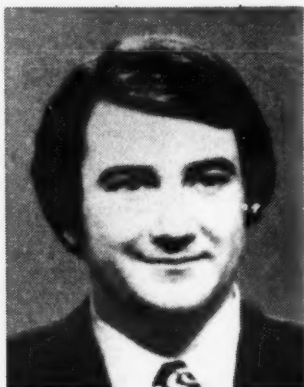
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Mail to: [MORE] Subscription Dept.  
Box 955  
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

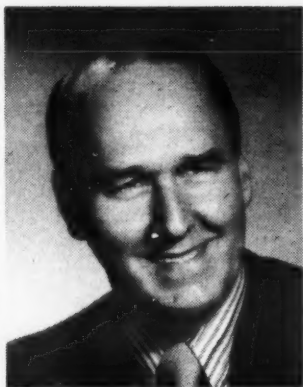
# THE FIRST ANNUAL ANCHORMAN CONTEST



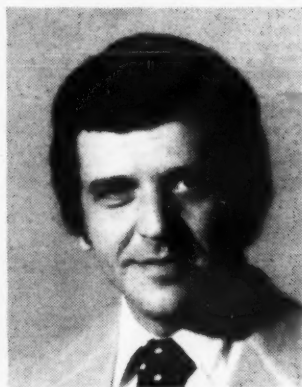
**Jim Wilkerson**  
KOB-TV, Albuquerque, N.M.



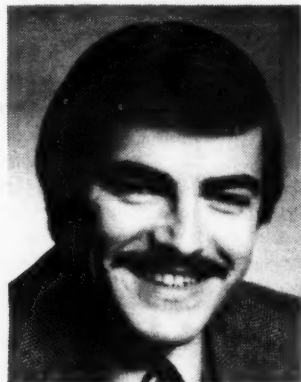
**Bill Ryan**  
WNGE-TV, Nashville, Tenn.



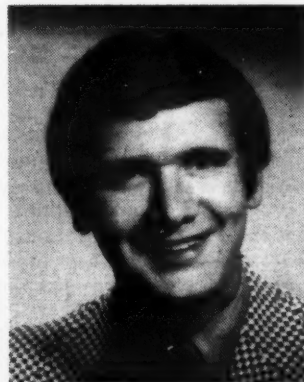
**Don Wayne**  
WHIO-TV, Dayton, Ohio



**Chet Curtis**  
WCVB-TV, Boston, Mass.



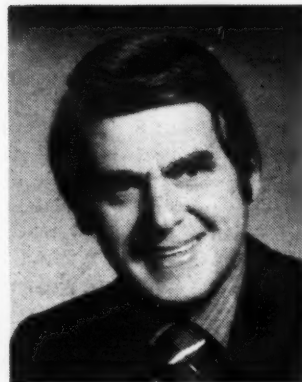
**Rolland Smith**  
WCBS-TV, New York, N.Y.



**Lyle Stieg**  
WHIO-TV, Dayton, Ohio



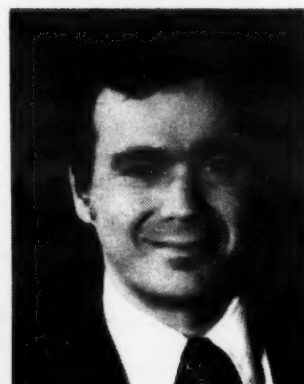
**Jack Taylor**  
WGN-TV, Chicago, Ill.



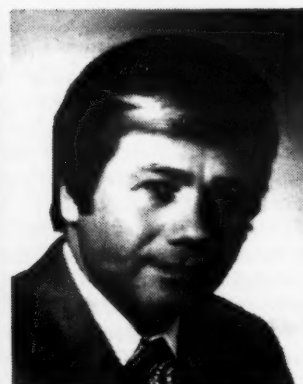
**Ed Krahling**  
WHIO-TV, Dayton, Ohio



**Jack Hynes**  
WCVB-TV, Boston, Mass.



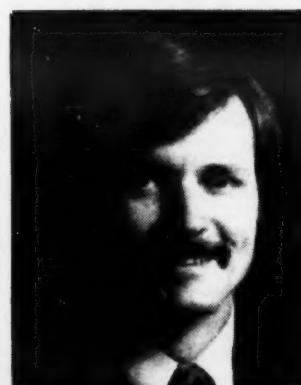
**Brian Kahle**  
KHJ-TV, Los Angeles, Calif.



**Don Cannon**  
WTAE-TV, Pittsburgh, Pa.



**Roy Mitchell**  
KARK-TV, Little Rock, Ark.



**Steve Fox**  
KHJ-TV, Los Angeles, Calif.



**Patrick J. Sheehan**  
WFSB-TV, Hartford, Conn.



**Richard E. Wallack**  
KBJR-TV, Duluth, Minn.



**Guy Houston**  
KARK-TV, Little Rock, Ark.

## At last! A chance to choose the most telegenic

Walter Cronkite could never get a job as a local news anchor. He's practically bald. And while he may be cuddly, he's not a local news anchor. But in the fierce ratings battle among local news anchors, personality, wardrobe and, most of all, his local news anchor rise and fall.

After many years spent watching TV news anchors, wandering correspondent, Charles Kuralt, once pressed him about anchormen was their hair. Kuralt's neatly parted, hair abundant." Kuralt's ability and suggested that the typical local news anchor's image [he] wouldn't know a news story if it wasn't on the TV screen.

After Kuralt's remarks, we got to wondering why. So [MORE] commissioned a nationwide survey to become an anchorman on a local station. The results were overwhelming—but not merely by all that the anchormen was their . . . beauty. The average anchorman was fashionably coiffed. Vaguely handsome and earnest. No pimples. A few big city stations seemed to have a "pretty" guy type. But "pretty" is the rule.

Convinced that beauty is not always its own reward, [MORE] special prize honoring it. After sizing up hundreds of anchors, the search to 32—and ask you to select the one you think is the most attractive. The attempt at geographical balance went astray in particular, particularly abundant.)

Mind you, none of these guys is just another face in the long years in radio and television (27 years in the case of Nashville's Bill Ryan) and have been honored with many awards for Atlanta's Jim Axel and three local anchors (Boggs). They're community leaders (Chicago's American Cancer Society), sports enthusiasts (Dayton's prefers hang-gliding), musicians (Dayton's plays drums, guitar, banjo and violin) and family men (Little Rock's Roy Mitchell, born to a poor family and butter as a child. Los Angeles's Steve Fox is a professional model and construction worker. Two-time state archery champion, has taken part in the film *Anatomy of a Murder* with Jim Henson's bunch of guys.

Now back to our contest. Many have chosen to enter, time, is the chance for you, the viewer, to choose the country and settle this question once and for all. Fill out the ballot below and mail in your choice. Include the reasons for your choice. Do it today. The upcoming issue.

MAIL TO: ANCHORMAN CONTEST  
[MORE], 750 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

My choice for most attractive anchorman is \_\_\_\_\_

My reasons are: \_\_\_\_\_

My name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

UNCHING!

# ANCHORMAN FACE-OFF

**A chance to  
be the nation's  
premier newsman.**

is a local TV anchorman. He's old, paunchy,  
oddly, few hearts go thump when he goes on the  
g local newscasts these days, the anchorman's  
his looks are the stuff on which Nielsen points

V news in countless American cities, CBS's  
alt, concluded last fall that what most im-  
hair. "Hair carefully styled and sprayed, hair  
deplored the emphasis on style over reporting  
al anchorman was so "in love with himself and  
ory if it jumped up and mussed his coiffure."

dering; after all, he does get around the coun-  
wide study to determine precisely what it takes  
station. When the results were in, we were  
at hair. What most impressed us about an-  
average anchorman is clean-cut and indeed  
and pleasant-looking, or boyish and terribly  
ons sometimes drop in a bushy, rugged, tough-

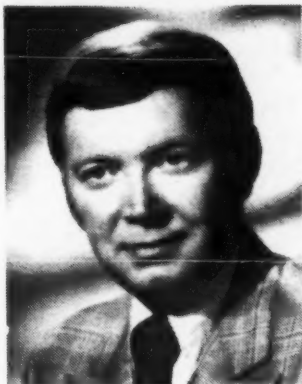
s own reward, [MORE] has decided to create a  
hundreds of TV newsmen, we have narrowed  
he one you find most appealing. (Alas, our at-  
ay in Dayton, where the supply of beauty was

another pretty face. Many of them have spent  
7 years for Houston's Larry Rasco, 15 for  
honored for their work (five Associated Press  
ee local Emmys for Washington, D.C.'s Neil  
chicago's Jack Taylor is on the board of the  
enthusiasts (Albuquerque's Jim Wilkerson  
ton's Don Wayne is equally at home with  
family men. They have also experienced life.  
poor family, milked the cows and sold milk  
eve Fox has worked as a stand-up comedian,  
orker. And Green Bay's Chuck Ramsay is a  
taken a black bear with bow and arrow and  
n Jimmy Stewart. All in all, they're a helluva

ve claimed the title, but here, for the first  
er, to compare the best lookers from around  
e and for all. Or at least for this year. Simp-  
your entries by May 1, 1976. Be sure to in-  
t today. The winner will be announced in an

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New York, N.Y. 10017

man is:



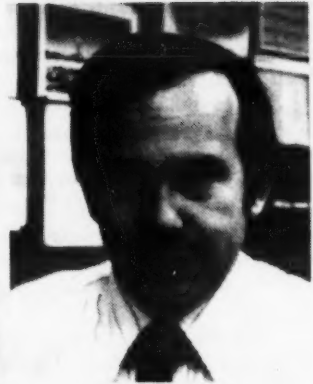
**Al McDowell**  
WTAE-TV, Pittsburgh, Pa.



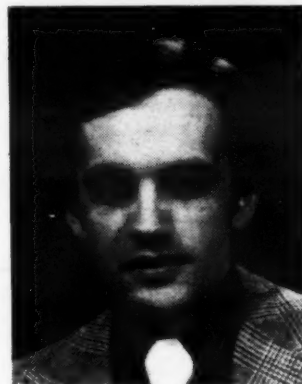
**Ralph Allen**  
WSBT-TV, South Bend, Ind.



**Dave Sears**  
KOAA-TV, Pueblo, Colo.



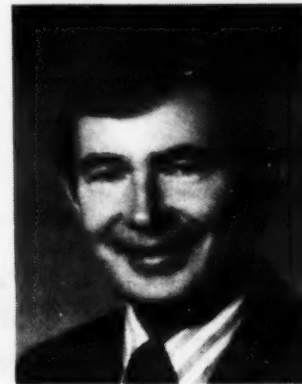
**Dave Cooper**  
KSHO-TV, Las Vegas, Nev.



**Keith Humphry**  
WHYY-TV, Wilmington, Del.



**Chuck Ramsay**  
WBAY-TV, Green Bay, Wisc.



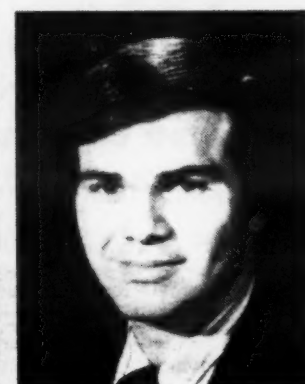
**Neil Boggs**  
WMAL-TV, Washington, D.C.



**Lawrence W. Rasco**  
KPRC-TV, Houston, Texas



**Jim Mitchell**  
WBEN-TV, Buffalo, N.Y.



**Dave Winters**  
WDBJ-TV, Roanoke, Va.



**Bradford Lacey**  
WSOC-TV, Charlotte, N.C.



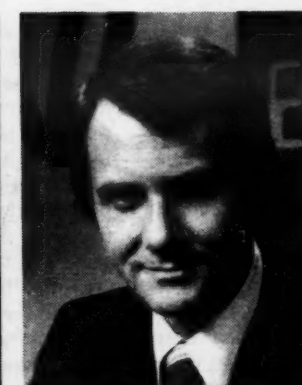
**Jim Baldrige**  
WHIO-TV, Dayton, Ohio



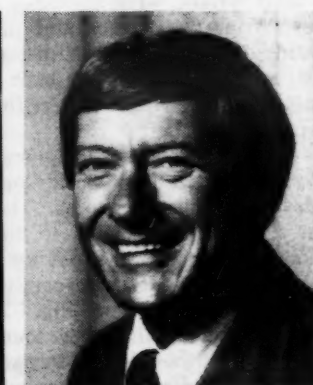
**Vince Leonard**  
KYW-TV, Philadelphia, Pa.



**Ronald C. Stone**  
KPRC-TV, Houston, Texas



**Bill Beutel**  
WABC-TV, New York, N.Y.



**Jim Axel**  
WAGA-TV, Atlanta, Ga.

# Meanwhile In Bedford-Stuyvesant . . .

BY CLINTON COX

On the night of Oct. 30, 1975, the body of 15-year-old Martha Moxley was discovered in the exclusive Belle Haven section of Greenwich, Conn. She had been beaten to death with a golf club. In the seven days that followed, *The New York Times*, the *New York Daily News* and the *New York Post* devoted almost 1,800 lines and nine photographs to her death.

In those same seven days, 12 people were murdered in Harlem. The victims ranged in age from 19 to 53. All were black or Hispanic. The *Times* mentioned only five of the victims, and those briefly. Among them was an Hispanic couple police said may have "been engaged in the illegal traffic of narcotics . . ." The *Times* offered no photos. The *Post* gave 85 lines to four of the 12, including the couple and a man found in a small park, "which police described as a hangout for derelicts." The *Post* also ran no photos. The *News* completely ignored all 12 victims. On the other hand, during the same period, the *Times* ran front-page stories about the sentencing of a Harlem youth for the murder of a young white woman in New York.

Blacks and Hispanics commit crimes; their role as victims is slight. The victims are white. And the closer they are to the middle-class status of the paper's white editors, the bigger the story. With only the rarest exceptions, that is the picture of the New York City homicide world that emerges from the intellectual *Times*, the conservative *News* and the liberal *Post* week after week.

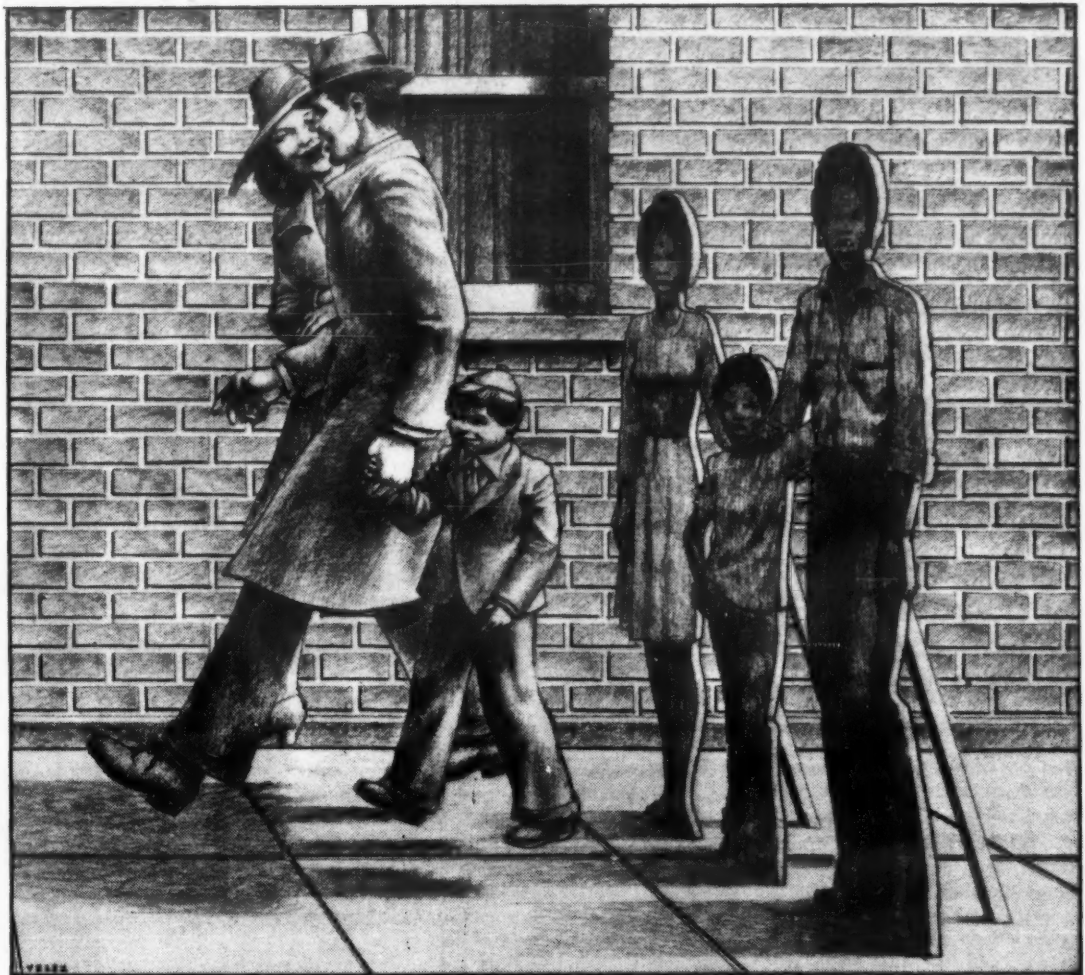
The picture presented by New York City Police Department statistics, however, differs radically from that of the papers. The figures for 1975 show that Central Harlem's 28th Precinct was the city's murder capital, with 96 killings in its less than one square mile. There were almost five murders a day in the city, for a total of 1,645, and almost half the victims lived in Harlem, East Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant. The complete homicide analysis for 1975 won't be available until late spring or early summer, but it will probably show the same general patterns that existed in 1974.

In 1974, 80 per cent of the victims were males. Almost half the victims were black, almost 30 per cent Hispanic and a handful Oriental. Whites accounted for only 21.8 per cent of all homicides. Almost 85 per cent of all victims were murdered by members of their own race. In the real homicide world, the average victim is a male who is black or Hispanic; two and one half times as many black and Hispanic women are murdered as white women; white women comprise only one-half of one per cent of all victims, and white women under 21 comprise a miniscule .0057 per cent of the victims.

The skewed homicide coverage of the *News*, *Times* and *Post* is just one way the papers carefully structure (or rather, restructure) reality along racial lines comfortable to them. For example, last year on the evening of Wednesday, June 25, a 32-year-old black man was shot to death by two white policemen. One officer emptied his revolver at Philip Wright, while the other fired at him five times. Wright was struck nine times: once in the left side of his chest, twice in the left side of his head, and five times in his back. According to a witness, some of the shots were fired while Wright was on the ground.

The *Post* completely ignored the story. The *News* and *Times* ran stories on Thursday and Friday, but without photos. The *News* devoted most of its Thursday story to the police version, although saying in its opening paragraph that "police and bystanders gave conflicting accounts of what touched off the shooting." The *Times* made no mention of conflicting accounts in their first story. The fact that Wright was an ex-convict with a history of mental illness was prominent in both stories, with the *Times* saying in its opening

Clinton Cox is a feature writer on the staff of the *New York Daily News*.



Walter Velez

**Like the editors of New York's three dailies, the murder victims that get the biggest play are white and middle-class. But police statistics demonstrate how skewed a picture the papers paint.**

paragraph that police described Wright as "a psycho."

Of the 13 sentences in the *News*' piece, only one was given to the bystanders who disputed the police version, although the shooting occurred on a crowded corner in daylight. In the next to last sentence bystanders were quoted as saying "the policemen clubbed him to the ground and then shot him in the back." Almost a third of the story described alleged injuries to the officers, although eyewitnesses said the policemen were never struck by Wright.

The *Times* and *News* stories are case studies in the tendency of editors and reporters to unquestioningly accept the police version of an incident involving a black, even if that version should have raised serious questions about the propriety of police actions. That acceptance is also revealed in the way the story is written. In the first two sentences telling how Wright allegedly rushed the officers "for no apparent reason" and "began beating the officers about the face and head with a metal bar," the *News* gives the attribution as "police said." By the third sentence, however, the police claims have become accepted as unchallenged fact: "The officers, trying to defend themselves, fired 11 shots at their attacker." How can the police assertion be accepted as fact when eyewitnesses contradict it? A later sentence

disputing the police version was undercut even before the reader saw it. For the reader had already been told that the two policemen had to shoot at Wright 11 times in order to defend themselves.

The *Times* followed a similar practice. After leading off the police version with, "As the incident was reconstructed initially by the police," the *Times* proceeded to drop attribution altogether and present the police allegations as fact: "The officers, who were later treated at St. Luke's Hospital for bruises of the head and shoulders, then [after being "suddenly attacked"] drew their guns and opened fire, apparently killing the man on the spot." The allegation in the first paragraph that the policemen were suddenly attacked gets transformed into a statement that they were suddenly attacked. Given Wright's detailed mental and criminal records, the reader saw no reason to doubt the police; unless he kept thinking about those 11 shots, wondered how many struck Wright, and found out he was shot five times in the back. The reader's possible uneasiness was not shared by editors and reporters at the *Post* and *News*, though, and only briefly at the *Times*. But the uneasiness was shared by the Guardians Association, an organization of black members of the NYPD, which was especially critical of those shots in the back. The Guardians' questioning was not reported, however, then or later.

Two days after Wright was killed, followup stories appeared in the *News* and the *Times*. The *News* led off with an announcement from District Attorney Robert Morgenthau that a Manhattan grand jury was going to investigate the killing. The 14-sentence story then once again recounted the police version. Again the bystanders' version was only given one sentence near the bottom of the story, and that sentence was almost identical to the one used in the first story: "Bystanders in the neighborhood disputed the cops' account, charging that they clubbed Wright to the ground, and shot him in the back." Clearly, details of what the bystanders had seen was not a priority item. The *Times* followup story was the first and last in any of the papers to raise the question of why Wright was shot nine times, even after he lay on the ground.

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The bulk of the story was devoted to an interview with Mrs. Ennis Francis, eyewitness and Democratic leader of the 70th A.D.

Francis said Wright had been arguing with the policemen, who "pushed him away." A few moments later Wright "suddenly rushed past me at the officers," Mrs. Francis declared, but claimed he never got close enough to hit the officers with "some kind of stick" (the *Times* had described the alleged weapon as "a flat metal bar with ragged edges about 30 inches long"). While she watched, one of the policemen "started firing straight at him." Mrs. Francis said she turned away in horror as Wright started to fall, and when she looked again "he was lying flat on his face, not moving." The district leader said she felt the officers had been justified in firing because of Wright's actions, "But she echoed other community sentiments when she asked: 'Why did they have to empty their revolvers and keep shooting after he was down? Why didn't they just shoot him in the arm instead of killing him?'"

This marked the end of the Philip Wright coverage. The *News* concerned itself almost solely with the police version. The *Times* eventually posed the basic question of the number of shots fired, but failed to press the police for answers or to follow through on the district attorney's promised investigation. As far as the papers were concerned, Philip Wright was worth no more copy. But suppose the incident had occurred with just one change—that of race. Suppose Wright had been a white man shot nine times, five of them in the back, by two black cops on a crowded corner in a white neighborhood. Would the *Post* have ignored the story? Would the *Times* have been content to do a total of slightly over 150 lines with no photos, and the *News* less than 130 with no photos? Most of all, would the editors have let the stories go by without making reporters press the police about those five bullets in the back? Would the editors have been content with spending the bulk of their coverage on the police version of the killing, when that version was contradicted by easily available witnesses?

**F**ive days after the Wright killing, another police incident aroused the anger of Harlem residents. At about midnight on June 30, four white ex-cops left the 135th Street station house after being laid off because of budget cuts. The four had allegedly been drinking in the station house. From the station they then reportedly went into the Blue Note Bar on West 135th Street and Eighth Avenue, where they were rowdy and screamed epithets, including "nigger." After leaving the bar, the four ex-officers walked to a nearby grocery store, which was closed. Nineteen-year-old Wesley Peartree was standing outside, and the four asked him to help them get in to buy beer. Peartree told the ex-policemen he didn't work there, but was simply waiting for his girl friend who was an employee at the store.

The four men then kicked and punched Peartree and, according to witnesses, at least one of them pulled his service revolver (which was supposed to have been turned in when the men left the station house after their last tour). The beating continued for 10 to 15 minutes, when the four went back to the station house. A few feet away from the store, the body of 29-year-old Otto Lee was found in a gutter. Angry residents charged that the four had killed Lee, but police said he was a drug addict and apparently died of an overdose.

Peartree was able to identify two of the policemen who attacked him, and they were charged with third-degree assault. There were at least two demonstrations on Tuesday, including one outside the station house. There was also a meeting inside the station house between residents and police. There were no stories in the papers on Tuesday, but all three ran stories Wednesday, apparently because of the demonstrations. There were no photos. The coverage seemed fairly straightforward, although the *Times* failed to make any mention of Lee; the *Post* accepted without

question the police version that Lee had apparently died of an overdose; and the *News* omitted any mention of the demonstrations. But on the whole, the reporting was as fair as could be expected on an incident involving the police and black people. The *News* story, especially, seemed to pull no punches as it recounted Peartree's version of what had happened to him.

But the coverage ended after one story each in the *News* and *Post*, and two in the *Times*. For those acquainted with the situation, the coverage was as notable for what was left out of the stories as for what was put in.

On Tuesday afternoon demonstrators, angered at the police killing of Wright, the beating of Peartree, and the unsuspected killing of Lee, tied up traffic for several hours at the corner of 125th Street and Adam Clayton Powell Boulevard, totally blocking the main east-west route. Police cars and a mobile command post lined the block between the boulevard and Lenox Avenue. Scores of police carrying nightsticks and wearing riot helmets mustered at the State Office Building. Finally, crowds of teen-agers smashed one of the big plate glass windows in Blumstein's Department Store. Metal grills were quickly rolled down to protect other windows along the street, and police raced into the intersection to clear it. *Times* coverage was sparse. The *News* and *Post* printed nothing.

This lack of coverage was just the beginning, however. Anger remained high in the community because of these and other citizen-police incidents in Harlem and other black areas. In fact, there were so many stories of police brutality in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant during the summer that residents theorized the police were trying to start a riot in order to prevent more layoffs.

Tuesday night's demonstration at the 135th Street station house brought out many people who said they had seen the four ex-policemen racing along the street yelling "nigger." One young woman said she'd seen at least one of the men pull his gun and wave it threateningly at passersby, including a woman and child who were pulled to safety. A policeman confirmed a report that the four had been chased back into the station house by irate residents, who had begun coming out into the street with guns when the beating of Peartree continued.

The demonstration led to a meeting inside the station house. In response to demands from the demonstrators—who included ministers and representatives of Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton and Rep. Charles Rangel—Chief Thomas Mitchelson, head of all uniformed police officers, came to the station house from his Queens home. The demonstrators had asked for a meeting with Commissioner Michael Codd, but their request was refused.

At the meeting in the station house, Mitchelson was asked why only two of the ex-officers were arrested when four men were involved, and why those two were only charged with third-degree assault. He said that witnesses were still being questioned. He was asked if the four men had beaten Otto Lee to death and replied that Lee hadn't died from violence. A preliminary autopsy had not revealed the cause of death, though, Mitchelson admitted, and he said the results of a second autopsy would be made available in four or five days. Residents demanded to know why no charges were made for violation of the Sullivan Law, since the four were supposed to have turned in their guns before going off duty, and why no additional charges were made against the two or against other policemen for refusing to divulge the names of their companions. Mitchelson's basic response to questions was that the investigation was still underway.

The following day's stories made no reference to this meeting. The *Post* came closest with mention of the "small peaceful demonstration" outside the station house, and added: "Police assured the demonstrators that the ex-cops were not connected in any way with the death of a reputed addict a few feet from the scene of the

alleged assault . . ." So much for the questions raised by residents, and so much for the unusual late-night meeting inside the station house between residents and one of the highest-ranking men in the NYPD.

In the next three weeks there were at least three more meetings between residents and officials. On July 8, a heated meeting took place in the State Office Building between residents, Mitchelson and Roosevelt Dunning, the Police Department's deputy commissioner for community affairs. Dunning said the second autopsy report was still pending. Mitchelson and Dunning promised to ask Codd and Mayor Beame to take prompt action on five demands to improve community-police relations in Harlem. None of the papers reported this meeting.

On July 15, a coalition of black residents from Harlem, Queens and Brooklyn met in the Theresa Towers with Sutton, State Sen. Carl McCall and other officials. The coalition demanded an investigation into the death of Lee, and called on city and police officials to meet with them to discuss possible solutions to alleged police abuses. One man said "the question of attacks on black people by policemen is not isolated, but is citywide." Sutton promised to use his office to counsel city officials for some kind of solution. The coalition set July 22 as the deadline for a meeting with Codd. None of the papers reported the Theresa Towers meeting.

On July 22, the meeting with Codd was finally held. Attending the session in police headquarters were residents, Democratic National vice-Chairman Basil Patterson, Councilman Samuels and representatives of Sen. McCall and Sutton. Entertainer Sammy Davis, Jr. met briefly to voice his support before the residents were bussed down to One Police Plaza. Codd and the Wright and Lee deaths were "under continuing investigation." None of the papers reported this meeting, which was the last one held. There were no followups on whether the two other ex-policemen who terrorized a Harlem neighborhood were ever charged, on the disposition of the two third-degree assault charges or on the final autopsy report on Lee. Readers of the three papers also were not told that the precinct commander was transferred after the Peartree incident because he'd lost control of his men.

**C**ontrast the papers' treatment of the Wright and Peartree-Lee incidents with that given the police killing of Frank Ardito. On the evening of Nov. 5, the 16-year-old Ardito—a white youth from Lake Ronkonkoma, L.I.—died after he was shot in the back by a New York City policeman. The slaying occurred on the East Side moments after the officer had wounded the youth's 18-year-old brother. Officer Francis McConnell claimed the youths had been harassing an old man and that, when McConnell intervened, they struck him and fled. A friend of the dead youth, however, said the off-duty officer had not identified himself as a policeman and had dragged Ardito out of the car and slammed him against a wall.

The *Post*, at least, was consistent. It devoted no space to the killing. But the *Times* and *News* gave it wide coverage. Whereas no photos were run of Wright, Lee or the battered and bruised Peartree (or, conversely, of the ex-officers who rampaged through the neighborhood), in their first story on Ardito the *News* ran photos of Ardito, his brother, Andre, their friend Danny Bomento, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ardito, Sr.

The *News* story ran on page two under the headline, "Parents Assail Cop in Killing of Youth." This time the story began with a forceful presentation of the civilian side: "The parents of a 16-year-old Long Island boy, who was shot and killed by an off-duty cop Tuesday night, charged yesterday that the police officer killed their son without reason, despite the cop's claim he was defending himself." Eight of 17 paragraphs gave the youth's side of the story.

The *Times* story also was a sharp contrast to

their initial story on Wright. The Wright story had begun: "Firing a total of 11 shots at close range, two police officers shot and killed a 32-year-old man on a Harlem street corner after the man, described by the police as a 'psycho,' had allegedly attacked the officers with a metal bar at 116th Street and Eighth Avenue." The opening paragraph of the *Times* Ardito story, however, began: "In what the family termed a 'senseless killing' and the police said was the 'proper performance' of a policeman's duty, a 16-year-old high school senior from Long Island was shot in the back and killed by an off-duty police officer on the East Side late Tuesday night." The third paragraph emphasized that Ardito was killed while running away. The fact that Ardito was shot once in the back was worth putting in the first paragraph of the *Times* story. The fact that Wright was shot five times in the back was not worth putting anywhere in the first story.

A third Harlem incident occurred on Oct. 20, 1975, when police surrounded a tenement on East 126th Street, where a robbery suspect had taken refuge. Quinton Applewhite, a 53-year-old unemployed cook who lived in the building, tried to leave. He held his hands in the air and was reportedly calling out, "Hold it, hold it." The police responded by shooting him 13 times.

The *News* reported that Applewhite, who wasn't identified until the eleventh paragraph, "took the 13 shots as he ran down the front steps." Applewhite must have been one hell of a dude: hit 13 times and running all the way. The readers of the *Times*, *News* and *Post* would see no photos of the live Applewhite, and read no human interest stories about the hopes and dreams of his 53 years. There would be no stories asking awkward questions. But there were questions from other sources.

Retired policeman William H. Johnson, Jr., president of the Federation of Negro Civil Service Organizations, Inc. and president emeritus of the Guardians Association, sent a Mailgram to Commissioner Codd beginning, "I write you out of a deep sense of shock." Johnson protested the "gross misuse of force," and hoped "for corrective action." Guardians President James Hargrove referred derisively to the police explanation that the killing was another "tragic mistake," and asked, "Is there a take-no-prisoner attitude in the black community? Apparently so."

Chairman Charles Gilliam, of the Grand Council of Guardians (composed of black city, housing and transit police), said a promised police investigation would be conducted by the same officials who had always "exonerated the police officer involved" in previous killings of blacks "even when there was evidence to the contrary. . . ." Other black officers questioned why the Hostage Negotiation Team wasn't used to try and talk the robber into surrendering, and claimed that the assistant district attorney on the scene refused to conduct in-depth interviews of the white officers involved.

None of these statements was printed in whole or in part, in the *Times*, *News* or *Post*. The latest "tragic mistake" by New York police in a black community would receive as little attention as possible. The police report on Applewhite has still not been released.

On Jan. 15, the United Church of Christ's Anti-Crime Task Force made public a report on *Crime and the Minority Community*. The group was composed of a cross-section of the city's black community, and made several recommendations aimed at providing better police services to residents in the city's black and Hispanic communities. The report claimed that there is a "disparity between police services rendered in white communities and in minority communities."

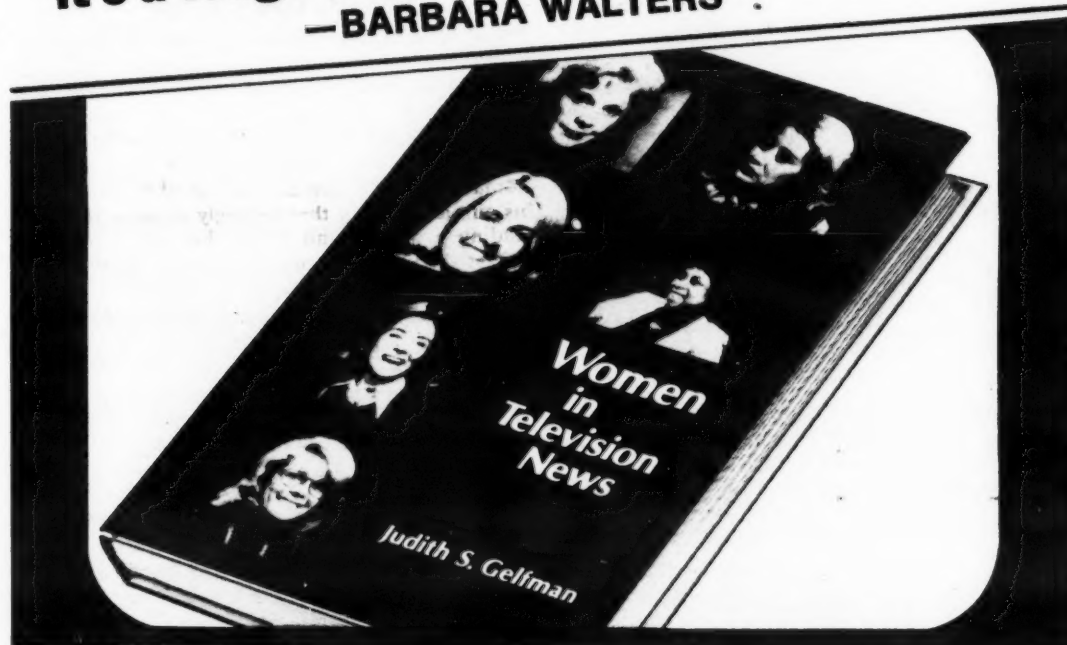
The newspapers ignored the report. Editors might argue that the story was not that important, though most blacks and Hispanics would probably disagree. During that same time period, however, the papers were ignoring a story whose importance

is undeniable: the first full-scale investigation in this country into whether a police department discriminates in providing services to residents in minority communities. The investigation is still underway, and is being conducted by the Civil Rights Division of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. The probe follows an administrative complaint from the Guardians Association charging discriminatory employment practices in the NYPD, and a subsequent complaint by the United Church of Christ charging the department with discrimination in the providing of services. Both complaints are being investigated, but while the Justice Department has examined employment practices in other cities, their investigation of services is the first of its kind. The fact that all three papers have ignored the story is not surprising. Why should any editor or reporter be interested in the quality of services the police are providing "those people"?

Thanks to the three newspapers, I know that Martha Moxley had a "love of life," and a joyous spirit that would "rub off on everyone

around her." I know that Frank Ardito was an industrious boy who had never been in trouble with the police, was exceptionally close to his brother, and was planning to join the Navy in a few days. I know about the broken hopes and dreams of a lot of people, all white, but I don't even know the name of a 19-month-old black infant who was beaten to death in Bedford-Stuyvesant last October. I don't even know if Cristobal Rosario Bultron, who had been dead five days when he was found gagged and tied to his bed in his Lower East Side apartment, had any dreams he was fighting to make come true or if anyone grieved over his dying. That child, Bultron and the hundreds of others murdered each year in Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant and the South Bronx (the Siberias of this country) remain strangers to me, in death as in life. The newspapers see to that, just as they see to it that photos of black and Hispanic criminals often stare out at me from the papers, and that stories about these criminals are more likely to be printed than stories about black and Hispanic victims. The *Times*, *News* and *Post* constantly remind me in myriad ways that some lives are worth caring about and some are not. ■

**"You are taken less seriously—  
it's a tougher job for a woman." —  
—BARBARA WALTERS**



## **WOMEN IN TELEVISION NEWS**

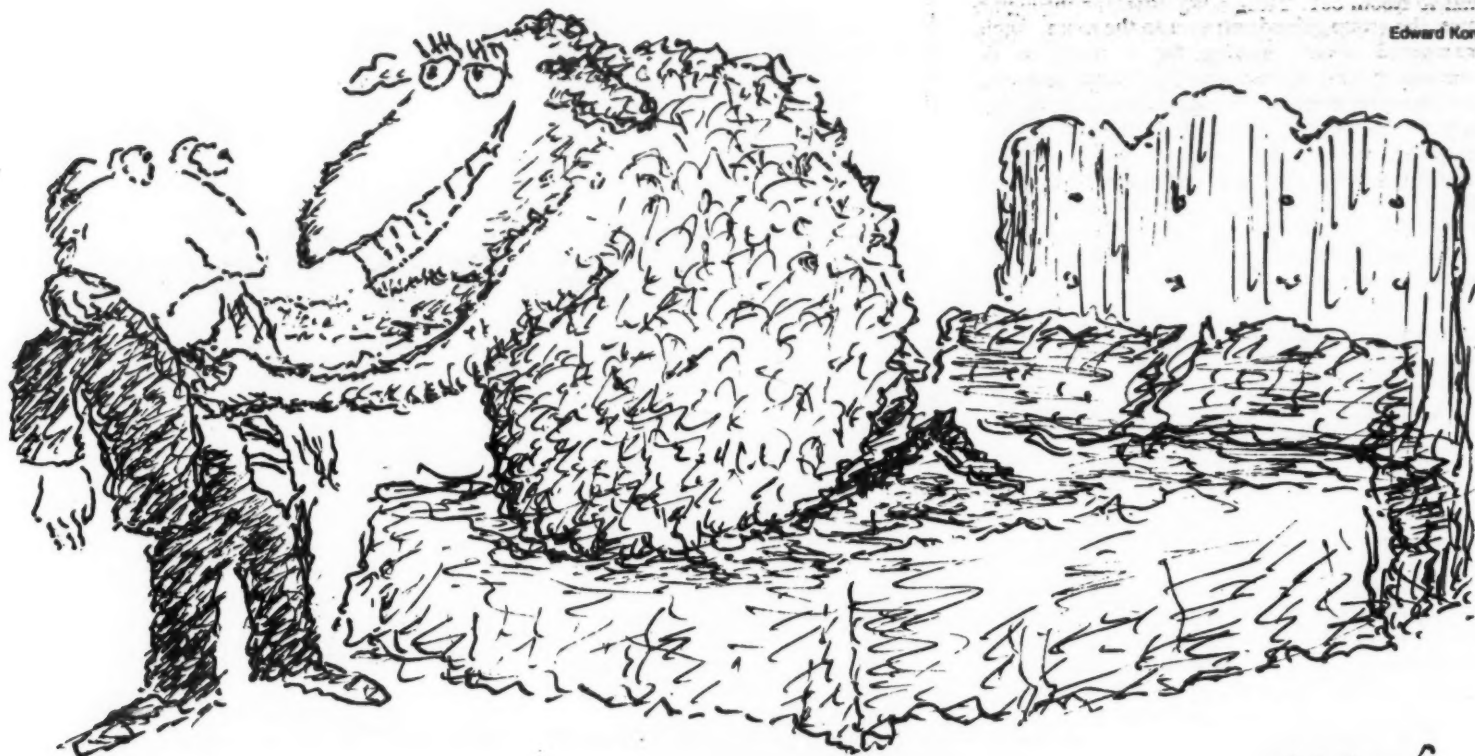
**By Judith S. Gelfman**

Besides Miss Walters, author Judith Gelfman talked candidly with 29 other women who have "made it" in the traditionally white male bastion of the TV newsroom—including Lesley Stahl, Melba Tolliver, Pia Lindstrom, Pauline Frederick and Pat Collins—as well as with several prominent male news executives and newscasters. Their forthright comments—on women's problems in broadcasting, salaries, working conditions, the effects of prejudice, glamor (or the lack of it), job-getting techniques, etc.—provide an unusually frank, behind-the-screen glimpse of an exciting field in which opportunity has become a reality. Photographs. \$7.95



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## Boys Will Be Boys On The Bus

*Editor's note: According to exceedingly reliable sources, the daring plot described below was hatched on the press plane accompanying Gerald Ford to Peoria, Ill., March 5. Informed of it, the President, amused, sent word to its ringleaders that he would like to see a "pool report" setting down all the details. A pool report, for those unfamiliar with the serious business of White House coverage, is a device by which a small number of reporters on the scene recount a Singular Event for the benefit of their many colleagues not present. The following pool report was written by New York Times White House correspondent James M. Naughton and was submitted to the President's staff, which reproduced it and distributed copies to all—including the President. More than once since then, Ford, grinning, has asked the plot's victim how his "friend" was.*

FOR NON-RELEASE

March 5, 1976

### POOL REPORT

#### Drop-by of Aggie the Ewe at Peoria Hilton, Peoria, IL

A red pickup truck swung into the garage entrance of the Peoria Hilton at 11:30 p.m. A dozen White House correspondents, a newsmagazine photographer, three advance men, a Secret Service agent and a Peoria couple looking for some place to get a drink swarmed from the motor lobby to greet the truck. Ron Naffziger, an area farmer, rolled down the window on the passenger side of his cab. "Here she is," he said.

Naffziger swung open the passenger door. The Washington contingent, along with the good-time Peoria couple, looked directly at the hind quarters of a sheep weighing about 60 pounds. Merriment occurred. Naffziger looked on with bemused detachment. No one made a move toward the sheep. No one, to tell the truth, knew how to make a move toward a sheep. "Don't you have a leash?" asked John Mashek [of *U.S. News & World Report*].

The whole caper was simple enough. Tom DeFrank, boy correspondent for *Newsweek*, was a graduate, or so he said, of Texas A&M. As everyone knows, Texas A&M has a surplus of A's and M's, but a paucity of coeds. One is given to understand that, under such conditions, bonds of affection naturally enough develop between Aggies and sundry sheep which roam the campus. DeFrank had never quite acknowledged his own

### In which some members of the White House press corps travel to Peoria with the President of the United States and try, with mixed results, to pump some life into the 1976 political campaign.

conquests in this regard, but he had never disabused his friends in the press corps of the prevalent notion that there had been such conquests either. DeFrank's colleagues, being by and large a sympathetic lot, had decided that inasmuch as the President was making farm policy a feature of the Illinois campaign trip, it was only fitting that a surprise assignation be arranged for DeFrank with a local ewe. Although this plan was kept from DeFrank with evident success, virtually everyone else was aware of it and, during the long, nervous wait for the arrival of the ewe at the Hilton, there were typical manifestations of interest. Muriel Dobbin of the *Baltimore Sun* arranged for the lady at the piano bar to play the Whiffenpoof song. Peter Kaye of the President Ford Committee inquired frequently whether the sheep was being brought to the hotel in a "ewe-haul." The informal reception committee hummed such old standards as "I'll Be Loving Ewe, Always." DeFrank, unfortunately, took it upon himself to retire for the night.

With the arrival of Naffziger—arranged in what must have been but a secretive aberration in an open White House staff by various advance men, who, as [White House chief of staff] Richard B. Cheney was later to remark, "can do anything"—the whole scheme seemed on the verge of going seriously awry. The door to Naffziger's truck stood open. The ewe stood beside Naffziger. The Washington press-advance-Secret Service corps stood in awe. [Ford advance man] Eric Rosenberger, fortunately, had the wit to suggest that the

truck be driven closer to the service entrance of the hotel in an alley where, we had been assured, there was but a Pinkerton guard who "doesn't look too swift." How swift did one have to be to notice a sheep climbing the backstairs?

The truck maneuvered into the alley. The press corps etc. followed in its accustomed sheeplike fashion. There were titters. There were whoops. There were handclaps of glee. Meantime, by prearrangement, Press Secretary Ron Nessen telephoned from the lobby to Room 801, suggesting that DeFrank return to the ground floor for some important piece of information that would be laid on him surreptitiously.

Naffziger once more opened the passenger door of his truck in the alley. He lifted the ewe by its considerable woolly coat and placed it gently on the alley pavement. A dozen of the most ingenious minds ever to report from Washington on wars, pestilences, Presidents and pettifogs wondered what the hell they should do. "Grab her," suggested Naffziger. "Firmly. On both sides."

Reluctant hands grabbed the matted wool and aimed in the general direction of the service door where the Pinkerton man stood, holding open the door as if it were a frequent occurrence to admit a latenight ewe. Hunkered over and holding on lest, as almost happened, the sheep should suddenly light out for the downtown street, four White House correspondents shuffled into the doorway and onto a service elevator. A small, football-shaped, brown memento was left in the entryway by the ewe for the Pinkerton man.

The elevator rose to the eighth floor. An advance party determined that DeFrank had not yet left his room. The group waited in the elevator. The ewe lay down, accepting the murmured endearments of various members of the group, particularly the good-time-seeking man from Peoria. There was much "shush"-ing, for fear DeFrank would learn what was, so to speak, afoot. The ewe, by now being called variously "Aggie" or "Peoria," nuzzled the knee of a nearby White House correspondent.

DeFrank ultimately went in search of whatever Nessen was to impart, no doubt dreaming of the glories and riches that would arise from his latest coup on behalf of the Periscope section of *Newsweek*.

The motley group, four of its members again bent over and holding on to assorted portions of the sheep, trod down the carpeted eighth floor

hall to Room 801. Using a key obtained through a ruse, the group gained entrance to the room. Aggie scampered about, looking for a place to do whatever it was she chose to do. Within moments she chose to moisten the carpet between the two beds in the room. The group of DeFrank friends scattered, some to the corner of the hall outside, one (fortunately a photographer well equipped with film and flash attachment) to lurk behind a bed, Rudy Abramson of *The Los Angeles Times* into the clothes closet and the remainder of the group into the darkened bathroom.

The sheep kept trying to get into the bathroom, pressing her nose against her reflection in the mirror on the bathroom door. Walt Rodgers [AP] manfully pressed his bulk against the inside of the bathroom door to prevent the ewe from entering and, curiously for a person known to one and all as "Jaws," kept shushing the assemblage, especially the good-time-seeking Peoria lady who was wont to make such remarks as, "Do you do this sort of thing often?" Aggie left the mirrored door long enough to deposit another brown, football-shaped memento at the foot of one of DeFrank's two beds.

David Wendell advised the group that DeFrank had seemed to settle in at the downstairs bar, no doubt because Nessen had informed him that the important information could not be imparted for several minutes. Out of the hiding places came the people in Room 801. "That closet is worse than the one they kept Patty Hearst in," remarked Abramson, attempting to straighten up.

**S**hortly before midnight, word flashed to the assemblage in 801 that DeFrank was en route there. People scrambled back to their appointed hiding spots. Silence ensued for an interminable length of time.

Finally a door key scritch-scratched in the lock. DeFrank entered. [*Newsweek* photographer Susan McElhinney's flash attachment went off.] The ewe looked at DeFrank and backed off. DeFrank looked at the ewe and backed off farther, into the hallway, against the wall. Curiously, he did not seem pleased. He seemed, given all the trouble to which his friends had gone, altogether peevish. He seemed, in a word, untrue to A&M.

Convinced that DeFrank was merely shy, several friends grasped him by the arms and pushed him into Room 801 where, as if by prearrangement, Aggie demonstrated her own mixture of coquettishness and lust by spreading her hind legs and moistening another section of carpet.

DeFrank, by nature a man of jollity, managed to contain his glee. "You made my ulcers act up again," he said to his friends. "Out," he said to Aggie.

Aggie maneuvered into the bathroom and stood there (too late, clearly—two additional brown, football-shaped mementoes having already been left in the room) eyeing DeFrank with what was unmistakably a case of nuptial night jitters. "Out, Aggie," said DeFrank.

Perhaps if they were alone for a while, without a gallery. Everyone left Room 801, save DeFrank and Aggie, closing the door gently. Several moments passed. The door opened. "Out, Aggie," said DeFrank.

What might they say at the Texas A&M "Animal Husbandry Hall of Fame?" Sympathetic to a fault, DeFrank's friends instantly conspired to keep secret the spasm of celibacy which overcame him. Never would we concede that he had not been able to play in Peoria.

Sadly, the entourage made its way back down the crowded-lonely corridor, onto the service elevator, down to the service entrance, past the again courteous Pinkerton man, into the passenger side of the cab of Ron Naffziger's red pickup truck. "Baa," said Aggie.

Mashek, *US News*      Rodgers, AP Audio  
Dobbin, *Baltimore Sun*      Naughton, *NY Times*  
Barnes, *Washington Star*      Good-Time-Seeking Man  
Growald, UPI      Good-Time-Seeking Lady  
Abramson, *LA Times* ■

## Please Post.



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# THE BIG APPLE



## The American Way

Inside the hot new, 92-page comic book, *The Battle of the Century: Superman vs. The Amazing Spider-Man*, Marvel Comics publisher Stan Lee offers his "heartfelt thanks" to the "many terrific talents" involved in producing the unusual joint venture between rival Marvel (Spiderman) and DC Comics. A special nod went to David Obst, "agent extraordinaire, who single-handedly started the entire project on its wondrous way." What Lee failed to note was that the idea was actually the brainchild of 12-year old John Zeiderman, whose father just happens to be Obst's accountant. According to Stan Lee, who says he never makes deals with 12-year olds, "David came to me one day and said I know this little kid who suggested this great idea to me." In fairness to Obst, John receives royalty checks for his part in the venture. But as for pride of authorship—"Well," John explains, "David Obst is a client of my father's who's a very unreliable person. He just forgot to give me any credit." John adds, "I'd prefer it if when you print this, you don't give him any credit."

## Partisan Review

The aura and power of the Rockefeller family are disintegrating, according to a new book called *The Rockefellers: An American Dynasty*, by Peter Collier and David Horowitz. One of the first reviews of the book appeared in the March 1 issue of *Bookletter*, a biweekly published by Harper's Magazine Co.

George Gilder, who wrote the review, praised the authors' research but rejected their ideology. The moral center of the book, Gilder wrote, is that wealth causes poverty and that the inherent contradictions of capitalism will bring down the Rockefellers and capitalist America. If you reject this ideology, says Gilder (who does), "the book falls apart on several levels."

Gilder calls the brothers Rockefeller "five of America's preeminent citizens" whose wealth has benefited the country's economy and sustained its cultural and intellectual life. He defends Nelson, Winthrop and David individually, saying of David (chair-

man of Chase Manhattan Bank) that his career "in the bank and beyond, displays a reach and versatility unique in American history."

The review concluded by saying, "It is too bad that Collier and Horowitz tried to render the Rockefeller saga as an anti-capitalist morality play."

In the author's note, *Bookletter* identifies Gilder as a sometime speechwriter for Nelson Rockefeller. What is not mentioned is that Gilder is very close to the David Rockefeller branch of the family, and that he also served as a source for the book he was reviewing. According to Collier, Gilder's father was a classmate of David's at Harvard. After Gilder died in World War II, Collier says, George was practically adopted by David, who served as the young man's mentor. Collier also says Gilder was interviewed for the book several times during 1973 and 1974. He calls Gilder's review a "symbolic letter of atonement" to the Rockefellers for having had the indiscretion to talk candidly about the family.

Gilder was in England and could not be reached for comment. However, a Rockefeller family spokesman said, "David Rockefeller takes an interest in George Gilder and regards him as a very close personal friend."

An upcoming issue of *Bookletter* will carry a letter exchange between Collier and Gilder, in which Gilder says his identification as a Rockefeller speechwriter adequately disclosed his partisanship. "Books are usually reviewed by partisans of various sorts," he wrote.

Nelson Aldrich, Jr., a *Bookletter*



Gilder: just good friends

Ferry Marquand contributing editor who has family ties to the Rockefellers, had suggested Gilder as a reviewer after deciding not to review the book himself. Editor Suzanne Mantell says she knew about Gilder's Rockefeller connections and role as a source. But she agreed to the assignment because Gilder, author of the controversial *Sexual Suicide*, has "good thoughts about strong families in American cultural and political life. I did not want a bland review." She says she only identified him as a Rockefeller speechwriter because his ideological connection with the family was more "relevant" than his personal one. "I don't feel as if I have pulled anything on anybody," says Mantell. "I'd feel rotten if I felt I had."

—BERNARD COHEN

## Bitter Pill

On Feb. 27, the *New York Post* ran an advertisement from The First Women's Bank, which is the first institution of its kind. Part of the ad copy read, "And if you need a loan, just ask for one of our experts. He keeps Excedrin in his desk."

He?

When Eileen Preiss, the bank's advertising director, saw the *Post* that day, she was upset. Preiss immediately called Rocky Piliero, the bank's account executive at the Trahey/Rogers advertising agency, and "he heard it all the way from here to his agency."

Preiss, who must approve all ad copy for the bank, had been sent two mechanicals for the newspaper ad. They were identical—except that one

said "He keeps Excedrin in his desk," while the other substituted the pronoun "They" and "their." Preiss says she approved the they/their version and rejected he/his—"especially since we have three lending officers of different sexes." Both copies were then returned to Trahey/Rogers. There, Piliero claims that the he/his version had been the one approved, and that "no one thought anything about it." Piliero went on to describe the bank's sensitivity about being accused of discrimination or sexism. "They don't want to give the impression that the bank is run by men—even though it is," he said, laughing.

When the ad ran several days later in the *Times*, it was strictly "they" and "their."

—FRAN CARPENTIER

## May I Have the Envelope, Please

The *New York Daily News*—the people's paper—retains its tabloid headlines ("Patty Tells of Sex in Closet"), but in the last few years has significantly improved its reporting, added new columnists and introduced an op-ed page. Late last year, the paper asked its staff and readers how they liked the new *News*. Unhappily, the results seemed to say that the efforts of editor Michael J. O'Neill's reformist regime had been in vain. Most of the staff thought that the public still considered the *News* "a strident, flamboyant newspaper that is generally thought to over-emphasize crime and sensationalism." Yet the survey showed that the staff itself was skipping new features in favor of such tattered remnants of the old *News* as the undyingly popular cheesecake photos of bathing beauties.

The *News* staff's ten favorite regular features were heavy on the froth. Rex Reed's theatre and movie reviews were #1. The *Inquiring Photographer* ("What are some of your favorite recollections about past St. Patrick's Day parades?") was #5, Ann Landers #6, Suzy's inside dope on celebrities #8, and Sidney Field's human interest features #9. While waiting for sources to call back, the staff wrestles regularly with the crossworld puzzle (#10), and *Jumble* (#7), a game of unscrambling five and six-letter words. (Gerald Nachman, whose humor column did not make either the staff's or the readers' top ten, was abashed; he thought he was at least as funny as *Jumble*.) The staff preferred to catch up on hard news by reading the short-cuts: *Cap Stuff* (#2, snippets of Washington happenings), *City Hall* (#3, local news at-a-glance) and the *News*'s traditionally conservative, rasping editorials (#4).

The editorials jumped to the top of the readers' list of ten favorites. Slightly less politically inclined than the staff, readers pass over the news columns in favor of gossip and Hollywood, enjoying Sunday's *The Gossip Column* (#4), Rex Reed (#6), and Suzy (#9). And they rely heavily on the *News* for advice, turning to Ann Landers (#2), Dr. Van Dellen

## Our Inquiring Photographer

### THE QUESTION

What do you like best about The News?

### THE ANSWERS

Abraham Beame, mayor: "It would



be difficult to pick a favorite, but the one I am particularly fond of would have to be that which comes under the heading of political forecasting—you know, the kind done by Roberts, Lombardi, Poster and Toscano."

Arlene Francis, radio and television



personality: "I like Suzy, Liz Smith [who writes a weekly column on show business and media gossip] and the editorials."

Tom Wolfe, author: "Tony Burton's



*People* column [which was recently dropped by The News—sorry, Tom] and Judson Hand's book reviews, which are among the best in the city."

(#3) for medical problems, Bess Myerson (#5) for consumer queries, Dr. Jean Mayer (#8) for nutritional guidance, and *Your Stars Today* (#10) for astrological signs.

As for the *News*'s own stars, editor O'Neill would not say exactly what ideas the poll had given him about future changes. Gerald Nachman has not been fired, but we could not fail to note two of the latest dramatic face-liftings that the *News* image has undergone. The 40-year old annual Harvest Moon Ball has been dropped as too expensive, and last Feb. 23, the *Inquiring Photographer* was replaced by . . . *Inquiring Photographer*.

—ANN MARIE CUNNINGHAM

# THE BIG APPLE

## Rex Vexed?

Film critic Rex Reed was in Sardi's interviewing Pearl Bailey the evening of November 15 when Marta Orbach, the wife of actor Jerry Orbach, approached their table. As columnist Earl Wilson later described the scene, Marta Orbach went to "reopen an old feud" with Reed. Bailey "protested that Mrs. Orbach was interfering with her interview and demanded that the waiters remove Mrs. Orbach within 10 seconds . . . Both sides were loudly demanding satisfaction" from the restaurant management.

The next night, Reed went off to Lincoln Center to cover a special benefit salute to Ira Gershwin for the New York Daily News. His review, which ran on Nov. 23, was filled with one rosebud after another for the many performers who took part. But according to Reed, one performer was less than wonderful.

After inquiring of the whereabouts of the talent of yesteryear, Reed wrote: We soon found out where it went when they brought out Jerry Orbach, a tone-deaf mediocrity . . . This was the kind of evening that separated the men from the boys, and poor ossified Orbach proved what league he belongs in by turning out the night's only non-professional embarrassment . . . He turned them [his songs] into dirges, his voice wandering unsteadily through several keys beyond his range and ability.

As a result of that review, Orbach has filed a \$6 million libel suit against Reed in New York State Supreme

Pictorial Parade



Late mobster Joey Gallo (far left) was the subject when Marta Orbach (second from left) and critic Rex Reed (far right) squared off in Sardi's last fall. The next night Marta's husband, actor Jerry Orbach (second from right) got up on stage and, according to Reed (here at a Halloween party dressed as a Little Jack Horner-look-alike), Orbach shouldn't have bothered. Our story continues below.

Court. Orbach, presently starring in the play *Chicago*, claims that Reed and the News intended to expose him "to public scandal, shame, degradation, contempt, scorn, ridicule, disgrace and infamy . . ." The success of his suit rests on proving that the review was written with malice; as evidence, attorney A. Richard Golub will probably cite the confrontation in Sardi's the night before the Gershwin benefit.

That night, Marta Orbach was apparently still angry with Reed over an article he had written two years ago about *Crazy Joey*, a film based on the life of gangster Joseph Gallo. In the few months between the end of a nine-year stretch in prison and his 1972 murder in a gangland shooting, Gallo had become a fashionable figure in certain New York literary and

theatrical circles. He had been shepherded into society by the Orbachs, who met Gallo after Jerry Orbach appeared in *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, a film about a group of bungling Mafioso. Gallo attended several brunches and parties in New York, and it was at one of these affairs that Reed met him. Reviewing *Crazy Joey* two years later, Reed called Gallo "pretentious and stupid." He then took a shot at what he called the naïveté of Gallo's new-found friends fawning over the ex-con. The "friends" were not identified by name.

Attorney Golub says the case will redefine the privileges of critics, but few New York-based critics are worried. Although critics are often threatened by suits, it is rare that they ever get to court and extraordinary if

they are successful, since criticism is presented as strictly one man or woman's opinion. In the past, the courts have ruled that criticism (without malice) is privileged as "fair comment."

—KEN KALFUS

## Music to Vote By

When producer Joe Angotti was named last fall to head up NBC's presidential primary coverage, he thought it would be fun if a theme song could be used to introduce each election news special—from the primaries all the way to the Presidential Inauguration in 1977. Angotti contacted a number of songwriters. After several unsuccessful attempts, he called Henry "Moon River" Mancini. (Mancini had earlier written the *NBC Mystery Movie* theme.) According to Angotti, Mancini "became very excited since he had never done anything like it before and thought it would be fun to give it a try." Mancini was thus inspired to create the "Deci-



Mancini: stirring the voters

Wide World

sion '76 Theme," now being played on NBC election nights. His fee was said to be "very reasonable," but Mancini retains the all-important publishing and recording rights to the song. NBC's only stipulation is that the title remain the same—probably enough to keep anyone out of a recording studio. Indeed, the network is fiercely proud of its nifty idea. When asked if the sheet music was available, executive producer Gordon Manning refused to provide it, because "It's our song and no one else's."

—JOHN MEYERS

## Department of Motor Conveniences

Among the most valued perks of the news profession in New York City is a special license plate marked "NYP." Numerous zones that are off-limits to ordinary drivers are reserved for the 2,000 NYP cars. That way, theoretically, a reporter who must often rush to the scene of a story need not waste precious time driving around the block searching for a parking place. Occasionally, this is the way it works. More often, the plates simply serve as handy, everyday parking permits, particularly in congested midtown Manhattan. Accordingly, the NYP list has long been laden with office-bound news people who enjoy a bit of influence with the right people.

The New York State Department of Motor Vehicles has started to purge

some of the undeserving; already 40 people—mostly publishers of weekly papers and magazines—have lost their plates. Department spokesman Ed O'Neill, formerly a columnist on the New York Daily News, promises more to come, including monthly publications and possibly weeklies as well. Among the individuals O'Neill suggests will be "up for a very hard look" is John Hay Whitney, former publisher of the long-departed *Herald-Tribune*, whose Cadillac carries license number 473NYP.

O'Neill might also take a hard look at several TV anchormen who rarely leave the newsroom on a breaking story—like Bill Beutel of WABC-TV (487NYP), David Marash of WCBS-TV (8NYP57), and Jim Hartz, host of

the *Today* show. When was the last time Walter "NYP 200" Cronkite raced to the site of a burning building? Does anyone beside the motor vehicle department remember John Cameron Swayze (230NYP)?

Sports reporters who linger over dinner needn't worry about making the opening tipoff at the Garden—just ask WABC-TV's Frank Gifford (16 NYP), WNBC-TV's Marv Albert and WCBS-TV's Ron Swoboda (8NYP73). Among the critics who can always find a parking spot in the crowded theater district are Alan Rich of *New York* magazine, Martin Gottfried of the *New York Post* and Leonard Probst, formerly of WCBS-TV.

Also in on the fun are several desk-bound editors—like Dick Oliver, city editor of the *Daily News*, Sheldon Zalaznick, an editorial director of *New York* and Mike Levitas, assistant metropolitan editor of *The New York Times*.

Daniel Dorfman (849NYP) writes a weekly business column for *New York*, while Lester Markel (964 NYP) retired as a *Times* Sunday editor a decade ago. Bartle Bull, who was once publisher of *The Village Voice* and is now trying to launch a magazine for firemen and fire buffs, can dash to the scene of any blaze in his 1960 black convertible Mercedes Benz, license number 855 NYP.

—CLAUDIA COHEN



Paul Richer

# FINE TUNING

## Dropping In Some Competition

BY KAY MILLS

As even the most casual television viewer knows, the best reception can be found on the very high frequency (VHF) range—channels 2 through 13 on your dial. Yet in almost every area of the country, some of those channels are dark. In New York, for example, channels 3, 6, 8, 10 and 12 offer no programming whatsoever. Why? Well, insists the conventional wisdom offered up by the Federal Communications Commission and the broadcast lobby, it's simply a matter of signal interference. In Washington, for example, my set can pick up the sound for channel 9 on channel 10 and for 7 on 8. Thus, it wouldn't do for separate stations to operate on channels 10 and 8. Now it appears, however, that in some parts of the nation this problem of interference no longer exists—if, in fact, it ever did.

In October 1973, Clay Whitehead and his White House Office of Telecommunications Policy released a study of the standards for assigning broadcast frequencies. It showed that as many as 69 new VHF stations could be created by reducing the distances required between transmitters. Essentially, the OTP study maintained that the FCC was too conservative when it handed out frequencies in the early days of television. The commission apparently sought to give those owners willing to operate stations as wide a berth as possible.

Under the criteria established in 1952 for channel assignments, stations that wanted to operate on the same channel had to be 170 miles apart in the northeast, 190 miles apart in the west and 220 miles apart in the south. Stations operating on adjacent channels—like channels 4 and 5—had to be 60 miles apart. If these distances were reduced by 10 per cent, OTP said, 33 new VHF channels could be added in the top 100 TV markets. Forty-nine could be added if the distances were cut by 15 per cent; or 69, if distances were reduced by 15 per cent for the stations operating on the same channel and 17.65 per cent for adjacent channels.

OTP argues that the FCC can and should assign frequencies on technical—not geographical—criteria. The FCC should set measurable technical limits on interference rather than drawing "guaranteed contours." Unlike the days when wrestling and Milton Berle ruled the airwaves, refined transmitting techniques now exist. One such is "frequency offset," which, if the stations agree to use them and buy the sophisticated equipment required, allows stations to vary their frequencies slightly to reduce interference in areas where frequencies overlap. Each TV station, it seems, was allotted a wider part of the broadcast spectrum than it

*Kay Mills covers the regulatory agencies for the Newhouse Newspapers Washington bureau.*



**In the top 100 television markets, more than 33 new stations could be added to the VHF range—channels 2 through 13. But the broadcast industry is crying—and running—interference.**

actually needs. With frequency offset, one station could actually operate on one "edge" of that allotted frequency and another station could operate on the other "edge" in a not too distant city. But OTP hinges its argument much more on a change in the criteria for assigning stations than on new technology.

The potential new VHF channels are known as "drop-ins." And they have a growing number of supporters, notable among them the Office of Communication of the United Church of Christ in New York. Long active in broadcast reform, the group argues that creation of these additional VHF outlets would foster competition, possibly lead to a fourth network linking these new stations with existing independents and develop new outlets for programs that don't pander to the great sitcom, cop-show majority.

And the church group wants favoritism in awarding the drop-ins. For blacks—who now own only two of the nation's 608 VHF stations, both outside the continental United States. And for public television stations now consigned to the ultra high frequency (UHF) ghetto. While only one-third of the nation's commercial stations are on UHF, 103 of 184 public broadcasting outlets are. And as even the most casual television viewer also knows, the UHF range—channels 14 through 83—offers weaker signals, operates on a less precise tuning dial and lists many fewer network affiliates.

A year ago, the FCC opened an inquiry into the feasibility of drop-ins. It proposed no rules, just an inquiry. Which is all quite proper. But slow.

Now come the three networks, the National Association of Broadcasters, many major group owners and dozens of TV stations around the country

hollering "interference" (with their stations' signals by the potential VHF channels) and "breach of trust" (by the FCC, which pledged to develop UHF). Their crusade is not as intense as their holy war against cable TV, perhaps because drop-ins are realistically not viewed as quite the threat to the broadcasters' way of life that cable allegedly presents. Nonetheless, similar semantic weapons have already been rolled out. In the cable battles, broadcasters say they represent "free TV" as opposed to "pay" cable; in VHF skirmish, the new channels aren't new channels, they are "substandard drop-ins."

The issue is clouded by claims and counter-claims about technology that the layman has no tools to judge. The FCC should do its own studies, rather than relying on the reams of engineering data that fill eleven red plastic folders in the FCC public records room. Most of it testifies to interference against existing stations. "Unfortunately, most of the experts are employed by stations which will not benefit from additional competition, and they find it easy to obscure this matter in a miasma of professional mystique," Parker's group argues.

Standing with United Church in addition to the Justice Department are the National Black Media Coalition, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, the National Association of Educational Broadcasters, a San Francisco Bay area public interest group known as the Committee for Open Media, several UHF stations which want VHF licenses, a Maine consumer group and several others. In short, the beneficiaries.

FCC chairman Richard E. Wiley dropped a hint at recent House Communications Subcommittee hearings that a rulemaking notice might come

out this summer. When is uncertain because the commission's broadcast bureau, which handles such matters, appears to be dragging its feet. Why? "Because it has bought the UHF protection argument down the line," says commissioner Glen O. Robinson. And anything the large broadcasters want, "they serve up hook, line and sinker," he adds.

Then there is the matter of continuing FCC support for UHF, long the stepchild of the TV industry. Stations echoed the views of Kaiser Broadcasting, which is heavily into UHF stations: "It is simply unrealistic to pretend that UHF has today become the co-equal of VHF", and therefore is no longer in need of the special encouragement which became FCC policy in the 1960s after years of neglect in favor of VHF. The Rev. Everett Parker, who heads the Office of Communication, argues that the church group only wants the questions looked at on a city-by-city basis, that it does not want to kill UHF, that its proposal does not blindly advocate sticking a VHF station down in solidly UHF territory.

"The fact that the United Church of Christ has converted this nutty idea into a pitch for rulemaking does not confer divine infallibility upon it," Lawrence H. Rogers, Taft Broadcasting Co. president, said recently to the delight of his fellow broadcasters. The NAB speaks of "destructive interference." ABC, which favored some drop-ins back when it was trying to become competitive for the network nest egg, says the fate of the UHF range is the real issue. Drop-ins, it says, would "choke off" UHF development, which offers a chance for more service than limited numbers of VHF stations could.

But the Justice Department, a participant in the FCC inquiry, appears to have put its finger right on the monopoly board. Stations are opposed, in its view, because adding channels to the top 50 TV markets would mean more players would divide the pot which contains 90 per cent of the industry's profits. Even adding nine stations in the top 20 markets would mean splitting two-thirds of the industry's profits nine more ways. "Existing TV markets are highly concentrated and the substantial profitability of VHF stations in major markets reflects this concentration," justice argues. It found the competitive implications of the drop-in proposal "both promising and appealing."

Drop-in opponents argue that the new VHF stations could not survive economically. And, indeed, that seems a fair concern for many of the cities: if an area already has affiliates of the three networks and possibly also a struggling independent VHF or UHF, how can the city support a fourth or fifth station? Members of the commission seem disposed to listen to that argument, even though drop-in backers think it irrelevant.

"The question should not be, 'Will the new station succeed?' Rather, it should be, 'If it succeeds, will the public benefit?'" says the United Church of Christ.

# FURTHERMORE

## Yellow Sheets On Selected Citizens?

BY NAT HENTOFF

*Editor's note: Last month in this space, John L. Hess maintained that some journalists were worrying too much about protecting the civil liberties of the men and women they cover. Among other things, he argued that though our judicial system must always presume innocence the press need not. Nat Hentoff replies:*

I am chided by *The New York Times's* redoubtable investigative reporter, John L. Hess, for, as he puts it, "going along with the idea that the First Amendment threatens the rights of privacy and due process." With equal accuracy, he could have accused me of believing that if you immerse yourself in water, you get wet.

Of course there is a perpetual conflict between the First Amendment and the Fourth and the Sixth. And there are always those who would try to balance the three—even, if necessary, by gagging the press. Contrary to the somewhat woolly impression left by John Hess's piece, I do not believe the First Amendment can be balanced. An adherent of William O. Douglas in these matters, I oppose all strictures on the press—unto the Fairness Doctrine, for that matter.

Yet John Hess and I do indeed disagree in that he appears to regard civil liberties as a kind of totem of some decorative use to the republic but certainly of exceedingly limited concern to the press. For example, he writes: "It is proper that we require law enforcers, to whom we grant such enormous powers of prying, to keep their mouths shut. But I do not think that this bars a reporter from publishing leaks from such sources."

In this respect, Hess speaks for the vast majority of journalists, and that's why many cases are tried in the press before there is even a pass at an indictment. Furthermore, despite the elementary need for keeping grand jury minutes secret, I have never heard of a paper that would refuse to publish grand jury leaks. In fact, I know of a case some years ago in which a notably sleazy quasi-public figure offered *The New York Times* some grand jury information that was devastatingly damaging to a political opponent of his. *The Times* was glad to have it, and never asked how he got it. (We're just here, folks, servicing the people's right to know, by any means necessary.)

I wish this eagerness to publish such leaks were not so, but I have no expectation that the press will ever change significantly in this regard. Except for their survival attachment to the First Amendment, journalists are no more paladins of civil liberties than the rest of the citizenry. With exceptions, it is dif-

*Nat Hentoff is a columnist for The Village Voice, a sometimes dissident member of the steering committee of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press and a member of the board of directors of the New York Civil Liberties Union.*



**'Except for their survival attachment to the First Amendment, journalists are no more paladins of civil liberties than the rest of the citizenry. With exceptions, it is difficult for them to even recognize that civil liberties are being assaulted.'**

ficult for them to even recognize that civil liberties are being assaulted. Take New York special prosecutor Maurice Nadjari, the demi-hero of John Hess's piece. Hess nowhere indicates that one of the reasons the courts have caustically thrown out some of Nadjari's indictments is that he has been caught using methods of prosecutorial entrapment—a cop posing as a criminal, for instance, and actually committing a crime—that might lead to Nadjari rising ever higher in, let's say, the Czechoslovakian justice system. Such methods, however, are a clear and present danger to large sections of our own Constitution and we are fortunate this man in the white hat has been curbed by the courts. Even before the courts acted, Nadjari's frontier-style justice should have been exposed by the press. But it's only civil liberties.

Nor did John Hess mention the case of a judge who wound up on the front page of the *Times* a year and a half ago because there was a leak that he was being "investigated" by Maurice Nadjari. No charges were filed against the judge then; no charges have been filed since; but the judge's once quite good name has been severely blighted. I asked the *Times* reporter who bludgeoned this judge by printing the "story," why, in fairness, he hadn't waited until there were charges. It wasn't his fault, he told me. A *Times* editor, watching a television news show at home, saw a reference to the judge being a person of interest to Nadjari and instantly called the city room to order the story run so that no one else would scoop the *Times*. Later for the presumption of innocence.

Well, John Hess would say, we all have to pay some kind of dues to keep a free press. And that judge just got his

dues card all punched out. Yet, there are ways to at least mitigate some of the routine savaging of civil liberties committed by the press. Not by gagging the press. Rather, by way of trying to cut off certain sources of leaks. Not in the CIA or at City Hall but in the criminal justice system, where using the press to batter the Bill of Rights palpably does the most harm. Since the press ought not to be restrained, the state should be.

Why not, for instance, punish a prosecutor or a member of his staff who breaks a statute mandating the secrecy of grand jury proceedings? And if he keeps on doing it, suspend him from the practice of law. Why not change the canon of ethics so that, at the very least, censure would be directed against a prosecutor, like the District Attorney of the Bronx two years ago, who holds a press conference on the day of an arrest to announce that the defendants are affiliated with the Mafia? Obviously, nothing would prevent the press from publishing what he says, but such a D.A. might not do an encore if he were to be put down hard by his peers for having smashed these defendants' right to a fair trial. (A censure of this order, after all, might well make it hard to get a judgeship later on.)

What is involved in this dispute between John Hess and me is not, as he would have it, a "clamor against investigative reporting." Vigorously exercising the First Amendment can do a lot of damage. And often, it has to. Hess, moreover, is right in that we do not have nearly enough dangerous investigative reporting. (Dangerous to diverse malefactors.) But what we also do not have enough of is fairness in the press—fairness, in particular, to those

whose innocence is presumed unless otherwise disproved. Lord knows, it is a frustrating notion to follow, this presumption of innocence. And since, as I've noted, I don't expect the press to be able to handle such frustration, the only realistic hope for more fairness is to make it more difficult for the press to get prejudicial information in criminal proceedings by cutting off prosecutorial leaks. If that were to really happen, we might not only have a better shot at revitalizing the Sixth Amendment, but we also might see more independent investigative reporting from journalists taken off the state's teat. In other conflicts between the press and civil liberties, I am less sanguine that fairness can grow, let alone flourish, than I am in terms of criminal justice proceedings. Consider, for instance, another kind of privacy right. For some months, the American Newspaper Publishers Association, the National Newspaper Association, and the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press (among other groups of journalists) have been in combat with the United States Law Enforcement Assistance Administration regulations which prohibit access to people's prior arrest records. Arrest records, mind you. Not records of convictions. Why the hell does the press need that information? It is the duty of the press, says one newspaper spokesman, to print the "score" of a citizen's activity in society. (A new daily newspaper supplement—the yellow sheets on selected citizens?)

Joining the press clamor to get at arrest records, Omaha publisher Harold Anderson (chairman of the National Newspaper Association) proclaims: "Crime is not a kind of private matter between the criminal and the state." But these are arrest records, and the vast majority of arrests do not result in convictions, and if there have been no convictions, it is nobody's damn business if someone has been arrested. And if such arrest records are printed, there can be an awful lot of resultant harm to, if I may emphasize the point, innocent citizens.

In any case, this attitude toward arrest records by a large section of the press does strike me as one of the ineluctable consequences of that traditional argument, once again proudly advanced by John Hess, that civil liberties ought really not to be of any urgent priority to journalists. Hess has no current cause for worry on this score. But journalists should worry out of fundamental self-interest, because if the press is increasingly considered unfair by the courts and the citizenry—and it is—the press eventually will lose some of its liberty, no matter what the First Amendment says.

Meanwhile, I have a fantasy about the Hess-style press. I would like to be in the city room when a *Washington Post* team of reporters comes around to check out everybody after having obtained access to the arrest records of *The New York Times* staff. What a bracing constitutional debate that should be.

# LETTERS

(continued from page 3)

reasons for the *Times's* opposition to the council, it said nothing further about it, as if such criticism was itself above criticism by anyone else. He would get little argument about that from the *Times*.

The article also cited the success of the British Press Council, on which our own Council was modeled, noting that in 1964, at the start of its second decade, it attracted to it as its chairman the well-known and popular jurist, Lord Devlin. In less than three years of its own operations, the NNC has had two chairmen, the retired chief justices of the two most populous states in the Union, California and New York. But that isn't apparently good enough for the author, who makes a comparison between a 22-year track record and a two-and-a-half-year one, and finds that the NNC doesn't make it in the Rubin Book of Records.

Professor Rubin rightly surmised that council self-improvement is needed and that it must involve itself more in the forefront of issues of concern to the American public. But it must have help. Translated into journalistic terms, that means coverage. It gets that from, among others, Bob Schulman, the none-too-establishment media critic for the *Louisville Times*. Schulman, one of the few such full-time critics writing for a major daily in the United States, thought that the news conference announcing the NNC's evaluation committee's report was a good enough reason to make a trip to New York where the conference was held.

In a column, headed "Though Ignored, News Council Isn't Going Away," Schulman quoted Federal Judge George Edwards, the chairman of the evaluation committee as saying: "A News Council is in itself an exercise in the First Amendment."

As the council continues its work, we hope that the newsmen who labor in the freedom assured by that First Amendment will see it that way too. While pondering their decision, they might remember that Congress made no law creating us (although it is given with increasing frequency to dabble in the affairs of the press), and we have abridged nobody's freedom to say anything. But the people who petition us for a redress of their grievances have a right to criticize the press. Nobody has ever made any law saying they can't, no matter what a lot of editors might think on the subject.

—Ned Schnurman  
Associate Director  
National News Council  
New York, N.Y.

## Bribemaster X

Re the hypothetical CIA story ["If You Print My Name I May Be Killed"—February 1976], and the responses of 20 editors to the question of whether or not they would print the name of the covert bribemaster. May I offer three comments?

1. *Whose name is to be printed?* Eight of the 20 editors would be willing to blow the cover of Bribemaster X, but



no one, neither editors nor the writer of the problem, says anything about insider Y. Y is the "reliable source in Washington" upon whose confirmation, by the terms of the problem, the story depends. Before Y there had been Fingerer Z, who had provided the reporter with the original "hard evidence" of Bribemaster X's relationship to the CIA.

If the story were to achieve the level of credibility every good editor should want, Y and Z would have to be identified. Unfortunately, in the practical world—that is, a world in which more stories may be obtained from Y and Z—their privacy would probably be respected.

Who are Y and Z? CIA people, of course. The most reliable sources of information about any agency are usually the people in that agency. The lesson for all CIA operatives, Bribemaster X included—if the eight editors were to have their way—would be that safety lies in becoming a news source.

This is a hell of a note from the government's point of view.

Unless the CIA is here using the press for its own purposes. And it may be. For some reason, it may want to neutralize Bribemaster X or divert attention from Serious Operatives A and B or perform some other feat of double-cross, a procedure not unknown in espionage circles. So the story is conveniently leaked to the eager reporter.

And this is a hell of a note from the press's point of view.

2. *Should hazards be gratuitously multiplied?* Two editors argue that a CIA agent must be prepared to accept assassination as an occupational hazard when he goes on the payroll. Just how this justified intensifying the risk is not made clear. Other people take on dangerous jobs, too: policemen, firemen, ambulance drivers, cameramen, actors, et alia. But surely that's no reason for strewn their paths with banana peels.

3. *What is a good thought?* Five years ago a freelance named Sidney Zion blew the whistle on Daniel Ellsberg, identifying him on a radio talk show as the distributor of the Pentagon Papers. Zion was roundly denounced in the press. If memory serves, the only platform he could find for an article he wrote defending his action was *Women's Wear Daily*; the burlier champions of the First Amend-

ment would have nothing to do with him. Ben Bagdikian, in the course of a talk to journalism students in Philadelphia, described Zion as beneath contempt for putting Ellsberg in jeopardy. When I asked a panel of school psychologists about it, during a convention that had otherwise been oriented towards establishmentarianism, they condemned Zion five to one.

What are the differences between Ellsberg and Bribemaster X? Why is it wrong to endanger one, but not wrong to endanger the other? Is it because one was presumably thinking good thoughts and the other isn't? Anyone applying such a criterion is really playing God.

Or is it because Ellsberg was a news source and therefore a first-class citizen, while Bribemaster X is not a news source and therefore second-class? That brings us back to the strange morality discussed under Point 1.

On the facts as you give them, the story should be printed, but not the name.

—Mark Isaacs  
Perkasie, Pa.

## Child Abuse

Peter Schrag, normally a careful reporter, appears to have fallen prey to some errors of omission, perhaps in pursuit of his own interests in the area of social welfare legislation [Fine Tuning—February 1976]. He also betrays surprising naïveté about how an enterprise television news story is prepared.

Schrag correctly quotes me: "Authorities say as many as 3,000 children were killed by their own parents last year in America, that 15,000 were brain damaged for life. . . ." He then goes on to say: ". . . The figures were pulled out of a hat by a government bureaucrat named Douglas Besharov." That simply is not true. The source of my figures was Dr. C. Henry Kempe, director of the National Center for Prevention and Treatment of Child Abuse in Denver. Dr. Kempe coined the phrase "Battered Child Syndrome" in his book in 1968. He was extensively interviewed for our report.

Douglas Besharov was not. I met him months before he was appointed to HEW's National Center for Child Abuse and Neglect in Washington, and before the HEW report was issued. In

general I reached a conclusion similar to Schrag's, that Besharov is seeking funding for his new bureaucracy. I chose to ignore that bureaucracy and Besharov within the body of my report.

The fact is that the area of child abuse is a battleground strewn not only with dead and injured children, but also with self-appointed experts, including, apparently, Peter Schrag. I chose to use Dr. Kempe because he has studied child abuse for 20 years and is conservative. Besharov and others are less cautious in their use of statistics.

The question of statistical reliability does not, incidentally, grow out of the lack of a hard national study, as Schrag asserts. The problem is that the 50 states have different legal definitions of what constitutes child abuse. And the taboo is still so great that many, perhaps most, incidents still go unreported. But even so, the number of reported incidents has grown tremendously in recent years.

Besharov arrived at his figures by combining incidents of child abuse and neglect, a much larger related category. Until now it has statistically been kept separate. It may be useful to keep the categories distinct statistically but certainly the problems are inseparable. At any rate, the problem has been around a long time, but that hardly makes it less serious. It is not, as the headline on the Schrag piece asserts, an "Epidemic That Never Was." A more accurate, but less snappy, headline would be the "Epidemic That's Been Ignored Until Now."

I have no idea why Besharov reportedly backed off from his figures and agreed with those used in my story. But the Besharov report was not regurgitated on the CBS Evening News and "legitimized," as Schrag asserts. It was mentioned in the lead-in read by Roger Mudd, and only as a peg for a story that took months to develop and had been completed weeks before it aired. Regrettably, Schrag never questioned me about any of this.

The fact is that I began work on this subject in mid-March, about eight months before my piece or Besharov's report appeared. I was hardly given a handout by a bureaucrat. The story took months of intermittent work because of the difficulty in persuading present and past child abusers, and institutions treating them, to participate.

Schrag's real interest seems to be to oppose the adoption of a Child Protection Service Act, which he sees as a sinister invasion of privacy. He may be right, although he fails to report, or does not know, that the act requires the expungement of false child abuse reports from the records, and makes breach of confidentiality of true child abuse reports a felony.

He says he hopes that some network someday may do a report on the intrusions and violations of privacy perpetrated by the social service system, a story about "kids taken away from their parents because a social worker doesn't like the parents' life styles." After a story I did on blackmarket baby adoption, several parents came forward

with such complaints. The story is in preparation. It would be unfortunate if it finally is broadcast at about the time that a civil libertarian group charges that such things are happening. Schrag might again fail to check with me and then falsely conclude that I had been had by the libertarians.

—Stephen B. Young  
CBS News  
New York, N.Y.

*Peter Schrag and Diane Divoky reply:* Given that Steve Young worked on the child-abuse story for eight months he should know:

1. Neither Dr. Kempe nor his National Center for Prevention and Treatment of Child Abuse (Denver), where Young says he got his figures, is in the business of collecting or even estimating child-abuse figures. That's the business of the American Humane Association (also in Denver), the only organization making any concerted effort to collect or make sense of national abuse statistics. AHA reports 620 verified deaths as a result of child abuse last year. The figure may run higher with full reporting, but blue-sky guesses shouldn't be the domain of the reporter, particularly when the lead on the story (as read by Roger Mudd) attributes the information to a "national study." As for brain damage, there's simply no way to compile or estimate figures on what is, at best, a tricky diagnosis.

2. Kempe and his center get most of their current funds from Besharov's bureaucracy.

3. Kempe is not a conservative in the field of child abuse. He has publicly proposed a national screening system in which "health visitors" would visit the home of every family with an infant or young child to check on the child-rearing practices and look for signs of potential abuse. Brian G. Fraser, attorney for Kempe's center, has suggested a national computer system connecting all state abuse data banks "so that abusive and potentially abusive parents may be tracked as they move across the country." If those are the proposals of "conservatives," what does Young consider extremism? Granted, Kempe did important work in the early stages of the child abuse field (incidentally, he coined the term "battered child syndrome" in 1961, not in 1968, as Young states); but more and more theorists and practitioners in the field are now having to shed earlier assumptions about who are child abusers and how the phenomenon works. Those assumptions were presented as dogma by Kempe and others and were based on an extremely small and skewed sample. As Richard Gelles noted in a recent article in the *American Journal of Orthopsychiatry*: "One reason the early analyses of the causes of child abuse were so inadequate and inaccurate was that they used only at-hand cases on which to base theories of causation. . . ." That Young selected Kempe as his prime authority on the assumption that he was a "conservative" tells a good deal about Young's own limited understanding and/or his biases.

4. The lack of hard national data does indeed derive from questions of statistical reliability. Among the problems: lack of uniform definitions, the combining of abuse and neglect figures, the lack of uniformity in reporting laws and, perhaps most important, the problem of unconfirmed or unsubstan-

tiated reports: in Florida, which has the most extensive reporting system of any state, unsubstantiated reports represent about 40 per cent of the total. Nationally the figure seems to be about 38 per cent.

5. The problems of abuse and neglect, Young to the contrary notwithstanding, are not "inseparable," but in fact very different entities with only an extremely low correlation. Many of the problems of dealing with one or the other stem from the confusion of the two. Young's authority, Kempe, maintains that abuse runs across all socio-economic strata. Neglect, on the other hand, is almost always related to poverty and related problems. And as Young's Parents Anonymous interviewees could have told him, while there has been considerable success in working with abusive parents, Parents Anonymous

has had no success with neglecting parents who seem to require intensive, long-range and perhaps never-ending services.

6. Provisions for privacy in the Child Protection Service Act are so minimal as to be non-existent. The act allows all sorts of people—the police, doctors, social workers, state and local officials, even researchers—access to records and reports, including all identifying information. Reports are not sorted out as "true" or "false," as Young thinks, but as "under investigation," "unfounded," "indicated," or "closed." "Indicated" reports are not necessarily "true" cases of child abuse; they would also include those in which there is "no evidence of physical injuries" but where a "sheriff or judge" reported abuse or maltreatment and where the local "child protective service believes him." It would also include cases where

"evidence of physical injuries" had been "satisfactorily explained" (i.e. attributed to non-abuse causes). In any case, only "unfounded" reports would be removed from the state child-abuse register, but even then they may be maintained separately by the state.

7. Young still seems to want to stay with Besharov's estimates, despite his disclaimers, and prove there's an epidemic out there. It is still not clear where his figures to support that epidemic come from, as it isn't clear where Besharov's came from. What is clear is that the lead for Young's story referred to a "national study" and attributed that study to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The figures Young quoted were legitimized by that lead (it is, indeed, the only legitimacy they could possibly have). If Young wants to disclaim the Besharov figures, he better write to Mudd.

## INDIRA GANDHI AND KUNDALINI 'DURGA ARMED WITH SHAKTI'

By R. K. Karanjia

This article is excerpted from a Page One story in the February 28, 1976, issue of *Blitz*, "the News-magazine of India."

The revolutionary change [in India] was brought about by Indira Gandhi, who intervened at the crucial moment of time with all the strength and support of the people to save the Republic from anarchy.

That is why the land's untutored millions intuitively worship her as "Durga armed with Shakti." She derives her combative power from the people as well as her own evolved consciousness.

When someone asked her whether the strenuous programmes, such as she just went through in Bombay, did not exhaust her, she laughed that they might have tired her when she was 18, but certainly not now that she is 58! This was a tribute to her physical stamina.

But what about her mental prowess? This writer knows from his almost monthly personal contacts with her how enormously her mind has developed during the past decade.

The almost Napoleonic strategy, tactics and timing with which she preempted the enemy—whether it be a Pakistani aggression, an assault by Congress Party caucus, or an international conspiracy of counter-revolution—show the mind of a genius of a very high order.



### Manifestation of Kundalini

To this writer, this is a manifestation of "Kundalini-Shakti" derived from long and devoted practice of Yoga. In Indian philosophy, Yoga is an exercise by which the embodied spirit is roused to become one with the universal spirit.

This enables the initiate to evolve into a higher state of consciousness and achieve what Indira Gandhi likes to describe as "the capacity to dream, think big and see far."

Kundalini, the potential life force, prana-energy or power-reservoir which, according to the Vedas and Puranas, rests like a coiled serpent at the base of the spine, is said to be at work in all human beings: in most, it's just dripping; in a few evolved ones, it's fully streaming.

Pandit Gopi Krishna of Srinagar has within recent times stripped the concept of its hoary occult and supernatural vestments to project the staggering theory that *Kundalini is a biological power-mechanism built into the human system, the master key to the evolution of man from the gorilla to god*—that is, from the subconscious, and conscious states to super-consciousness or even cosmic consciousness.

**BLITZ**  
INDIA'S GREATEST WEEKLY

What a tremendous, stupendous prospect such a biological revolution holds for mankind and, particularly, for India, which has the key and expertise to what Gopi Krishna describes as Nature's Almighty Law.

If Kundalini can be scientifically proved to be the secret of the evolutionary energy in mankind, and the means can be found to arouse this "serpent-power" at will, the human race would evolve to a higher level of consciousness and men would become the gods of their age-long aspiration.

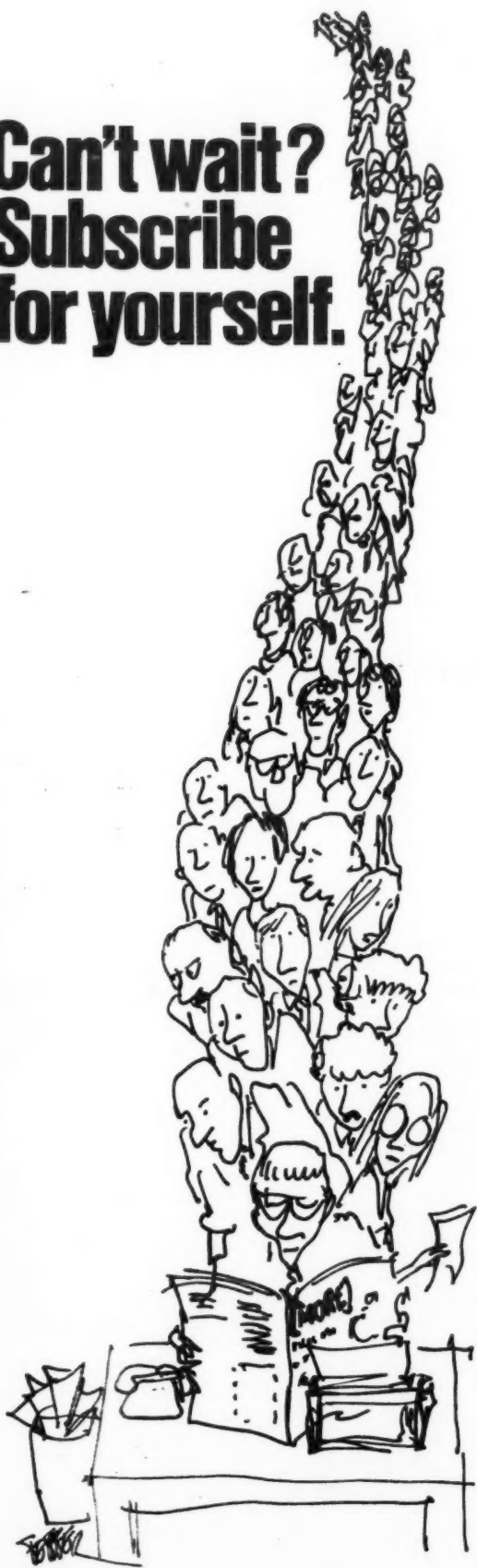
### India's divine mission

Maybe Indira Gandhi is one among this "twice born" minority. Mayhap, it is India's divine mission to enfold this biological revolution to mankind. And maybe the wandering hordes of hippies or dropouts, from the Western civilization in India today, seeking salvation in the occult practices of Yoga, are driven by a worldwide subconscious urge to discover this Law of final evolution to cosmic consciousness.

They represent, perhaps, the contemporary equivalent of the Three Wise Men who saw the Star and journeyed to Jerusalem to witness the birth of the Saviour.

A basic book on the subject of Kundalini, by Gopi Krishna and C. F. von Weizsacker, Director of the Max Planck Institute for Life Sciences, may be obtained by writing to Evolution, 10 East 39th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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May 1976 graduate of top law school, published poetry and prose, diverse interests, seeks media position utilizing legal background and writing skills. Reply Box 127, [MORE]. (57)

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New York audiences await the March 22 opening of *VANITIES*, a new play by Jack Heifner, playing at the Chelsea Westside Theatre, New York City. A Lion Theatre Company—Playwrights Horizons production in cooperation with the Chelsea Theatre Center.

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"Our society cannot continue indefinitely to decay. It seems virtually certain that if the Left does not begin to give voice and direction to the growing anti-corporate anger, then a right-wing politician like Wallace will, through demagogic appeals to fear and uncertainty. It is a crucial time in which to work and build."

Harry Boyte  
"Prospectus for a New Party"  
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"Though I desperately want to, I can not find any assurance that humanity has a future — that we will exist ten, twenty, twenty-five years from now. One does not live with that kind of thought day in and day out. One puts it away, shuts it off, and tries to live some kind of normal life. But it is always in the background . . ."

George Wald  
"There Isn't Much Time"  
in *THE PROGRESSIVE*

"We are confronted by a lunatic process which propels itself, like a machine gone mad. The atom bomb of 1945 encourages a win syndrome in which the bomb is to create a *Pax Americana*; the nuclear win syndrome gathers a massive constituency, in finance, business, the Pentagon, science, government, even labor; that constituency is compelled to overwhelm its opponents by concocting a synthetic anti-communism; anti-communism offers the pretext for more armaments and for the 'mad momentum' in technology; technology spreads the illusion of power, and the illusion reinforces the win syndrome, so that the cycle continues on its own . . .

"Every participant is sane, but all collectively are trapped in psychosis."

Sidney Lens  
"The Doomsday Strategy"  
in *THE PROGRESSIVE*

"We must first understand that, at present, everything in the American empire is for sale: morality, the public interest, politicians. . . . The travesty is that those who brought us the Indochina war and the arms race, the body counts and the smart bombs, that those who call corporate imperialism economic growth and who starve our society for private profit, have been able to come forward as men of gravitas and decency."

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# Freedom is everybody's right

No matter how many disclaimers we inject into this statement, we're afraid it's going to outrage some people. Some won't understand what we are talking about, because from their point of view, most reporting is essentially accurate and most editorials are fair.

Another reason we may be misunderstood is that some members of the working press feel that businessmen almost invariably exaggerate the damage done by inaccurate reporting (or of no coverage at all), overreact to critical editorials, and actually want to control the press, for their own sinister purposes.

**Well, we don't want to control the press. But we do believe a way should be found to provide adequate, timely, and economic channels of communication whereby individuals and organizations can correct demonstrably inaccurate reporting or editorials. While some newspapers have mechanisms that they consider adequate, we believe there is room for substantial improvement.**

**We believe a system can be found that does not do violence to the First Amendment. We believe, above all, that it should be developed by the press itself, voluntarily. In urging this evolutionary step, we hasten to add that we consider American newspapers among the best in the world. We think what we are suggesting here would make them even better.**

In our experience, materials provided by companies or individuals in the form of news releases, speeches, White Papers, special studies, and other documents, or even in face-to-face briefings, have not proved to be the answer, because of the selective use of such materials.

Nor do letters to the editor do the job. Few of them get printed, and even the small proportion of them that are printed invariably fail to get the coverage the original, damaging article got. They appear long after the offending article or editorial has done its damage. Finally, the newspapers usually impose severe limitations on the length on such letters.

Thus some companies and individuals have more than once felt impelled to buy advertising space to try to correct what they considered inaccurate reporting or editorials. But who could afford

the amount of paid advertising required to rebut an inaccurate article that might have appeared in several hundred newspapers? Moreover, this raises a larger issue: What about the organizations and individuals who cannot afford to buy any advertising space to try to set the record straight?

The situation with respect to the nationwide commercial television and radio networks is worse. They have no equivalent of the letter to the editor.

We recognize that the structure of TV and radio news and documentaries is not satisfactory for handling complex material or long stories. But that is no justification for failing to provide suitable access for correction of errors caused by this structure. Moreover, networks have refused to sell time for others to present information or viewpoints on any subject the networks decide is controversial.

We would hope the press (both electronic and print) would have the enlightened self-interest to see the importance of some adequate mechanism if we are indeed to have freedom of the press and not just freedom for the press. And we would hope the press will be astute enough to develop such a mechanism itself.

Many other democracies around the world, in an effort to alleviate this problem, have enacted legislation requiring some form of access for rebuttals. These include Denmark, France, Italy, Belgium, West Germany, Austria, and Norway. We are not urging such legislation. On the contrary, we are urging the development of a voluntary mechanism, developed by the press, which would promote free and robust debate.

**We say again: We believe it is in the interest of the press and of the American people that some system of access be established so that one of the world's freest presses can even be better. We don't have all the answers. We think they should come as the result of open-minded experimentation by the press, and we hope that this message constitutes a responsible attempt to stimulate such experimentation.**

It seems to us that the demise of so many newspapers across the country in recent years places on the surviving newspapers an even greater responsibility in this respect.

**Mobil**